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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLVI | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1909. | NO. 15

STRUCK BIG OIL WELL ON COUNTY FARM

The Well Was Shot Last Saturday Afternoon.

IS FLOWING 50 BARRELS A DAY.

The Well is Owned by M. W. Heinlein, W. H. Hungerford and Others—Promises to Open a New Field—Belt Probably Runs Through Heart of Town—Great Excitement Prevails.

The shooting of the No. 4 well on the Heinlein-Hungerford lease on the County farm last Saturday promises to open up a new oil field in this county which may astonish the fondest lovers of the oil game and make Smethport one of the busiest places in this section of the country despite the fact that some have been worrying about the future of Smethport since the window-glass business got into such a bad condition.

A fifty barrel oil well in McKean county is enough to make any of the old oil men sit up and take notice—and that is just what this well on the County farm is doing at the present time.

After fishing for the bit for a week that troublesome piece of steel was captured last Friday and at one o'clock Saturday the well was shot. No one thought it would make a showing of better than ten barrels a day, but there was a big surprise in store for everybody. It started off like a regular "old timer" in the palmy days of oil booms in this county and has been doing a little better than two barrels per hour since that time.

The first well drilled by this company was located about one mile almost due west from the old Haskell well, which was drilled nearly thirty years ago and has always produced a small quantity of oil. The No. 3 well which is making such a good showing, is located between three hundred and four hundred feet northeast of the No. 1, and about a mile a little north of west from the old Haskell well.

At the time the Haskell well was drilled, three or four other wells were drilled in the hope of locating a good, paying field here but all of them, although containing oil, were too small to be paying wells at that time. The first Haskell well was good for about two-thirds of a barrel per day and the Nos. 2 and 3 were perhaps good for one-half barrel. In the meantime a well was drilled on the hill about a quarter of a mile south of these wells but nothing was definitely known about it. The writer has heard old residents make the statement that the well was mysteriously filled up and after a futile attempt to clean it out the well was abandoned. At that time many were of the opinion that it was the best well ever drilled in this section.

In the intervening years many oil and gas wells have been drilled in that vicinity. Nearly all of them have been fairly good gas wells and some of them have shown a little oil, but until this company started drilling none of them have produced oil in paying quantities. The well drilled a few years ago on the Campbell farm almost northeast from this well is the only one which has produced enough oil to pay for tanking, but that well is still yielding considerable oil although not enough to warrant drilling more wells.

The wells sunken of above are all southeast of the forty-five degree line, but some distance north of this forty-five degree line similar test wells have been drilled with even less success than those on the other side. The well drilled on the Henry Wright farm by John Smith a number of years ago was about the best one, so far as oil goes, and that was not as good as the Campbell farm well. The wells drilled further northwest and southeast from this line have showed less oil than those close to it.

Thus it would seem that the paying oil belt, if there really is one here, is a comparatively narrow one running northeast and southwest. That being the case the belt will pass almost directly through Smethport borough, and depending on this theory many of our townspeople are talking more or less seriously of drilling wells on their town lots.

Others who are somewhat versed on oil sand formations and the freaks of oil territory have advanced the theory that this well may be due to what is known as an oil flood, which is said to have been known to suddenly fill oil sand with oil and make previously worthless territory extremely valuable. If this should prove to be the case a much larger field would be the result. Good sands have been found in nearly all the wells in this section, and in such an event all might now be filled with oil.

The men who have been drilling this well are very confident from indications they have found that the wells to follow will make better producers than the last one. They seem to be firmly of the opinion that they are on the edge of an excellent oil belt and think the next well will put them in the heart of it.

As soon as this well can be properly cased off and the derrick moved another well will be started, and other wells for this company will follow as conditions warrant. This company has something over three hundred acres leased in that vicinity and if half of it proves to be good territory they will have one of the best leases in the state of Pennsylvania.

Excitement is running high among local oil magnates of more or less magnitude and there is talk of forming various oil companies for the purpose of testing all the territory in this section that has not been thoroughly tested. And we hope all will strike gushers.

HERZOG-BARRY.

Mr. Leo Herzog and Miss Agnes Barry Married.

St. Elizabeth parsonage, this borough was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Mr. Leo Lawrence Herzog of this borough and Miss Agnes Marie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Barry of Coleville, this county, were united in marriage shortly after seven o'clock Monday morning, April 12, 1909, by Rev. J. F. Dugan, pastor of St. Elizabeth's church.

The ceremony which made these two happy young people one for life was performed in the north parlor of the parsonage in the presence of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom and a few friends who unceremoniously and unexpectedly knocked for admittance just before the words were said that united them for life.

Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Herzog were driven to the Kushequa depot, where they took the 7:35 train for Mt. Jewett. At the mountain town they had their wedding breakfast and left on a later train for Buffalo and other points for their honeymoon trip which will last about three weeks and include a number of eastern cities. Upon their return they will reside on Center street in this borough.

The bride has been a teacher in the Smethport schools for several years past and during her residence here has won a host of friends both in and out of the schools. She is a charming, handsome and accomplished young lady, whose happy disposition and ways has made her a favorite in social circles as well as in school.

The groom is the junior member of the firm of C. Herzog & Son and one of the substantial young business men of this place and both have a host of friends who will unite with the MINER in wishing them a long and happy married life.

Honor Roll, Smethport High School.

SIXTH MONTH.

Requirements.—Students must take at least four subjects. Students must obtain an average of 90% or over. In case of a tie absences and tardiness are considered. Eight pupils are put on the general roll.

The names are arranged according to rank in scholastic attainment determined by averaging the monthly marks.

GENERAL ROLL.

1, Helen Hamilton; 2, William Brownell; 3, Harold Day; 4, Edna Anderson; 5, Howard Brownell; 6, Allen King; 7, Christel Comes; 8, Myra Sherburne.

SENIORS.

1, K. Mayo; 2, F. Foster.

JUNIORS.

1, H. Brownell; 2, C. Natello; 3, J. D. Hogarth.

SOPHOMORES.

1, E. Anderson; 2, Allen King; 3, Lillian Hagberg.

FRESHMEN.

1, H. Hamilton; 2, W. Brownell; 3, H. Day; 4, C. Comes; 5, M. Sherburne; 6, R. White; 7, G. Schooler; 8, F. Freeman; 9, M. Knapp; 10, E. Colegrove; 11, D. Simpkins; 12, E. Ottoson; 13, R. Hungerford; 14, M. Gleason.

The following indicates the leader in each of the classes taught in High School. In case of a tie all the pupils having the highest mark are given.

German 2. Paul Apple, Donald Hogarth, Harold Schooler, Howard Brownell.

Eng. Classics. Fannie Foster.

Physics, Harold Schooler.

Trigonometry. Donald Hogarth, Floyd Heath.

Cicero. Katherine Mayo.

German 1. Carrie Natello.

Literature. Carrie Natello.

Geometry 1. Emmet Oviatt.

Caesar—Edna Anderson.

History 2. Katherine Mayo.

Rhetoric. Edna Anderson.

Algebra 2. Edna Anderson, Grace Schooler.

Bookkeeping. Ellanorah Colegrove, Harold Schooler.

Botany. Lillian Hagberg, Grace Schooler.

Latin 1. Helen Hamilton, William Brownell.

Algebra 1. Helen Hamilton.

History 1. Helen Hamilton.

Adv. English. Helen Hamilton.

EASTER SERVICES.

Large Attendance at St. Luke's and Methodist Episcopal Churches.

At St. Luke's Church over one hundred communicants received the Easter Communion at the 8 a. m. service. At the 10:30 a. m. service there was a large choir, which rendered Eyre's complete service in a brilliant manner, with the elegant Easter anthem at the offertory, "The Strife is O'er," by Arthur Constance. Mrs. McQuiston's presence was a great help in the inspiring music, and the fine organ work of Miss Goshorn was spoken of by many, who were reminded by this service of the music at St. Luke's in years gone by, when its choir was so famous. At the evening service the combined choirs numbered forty voices. The Junior choir sang the Easter carols and the Rector told the Easter Story to the children. All the offerings of the day were for missions.

The services in the Methodist Episcopal church on Easter Sunday were exceptionally interesting. At both morning and evening services the congregation filled the church. The music by the choir was excellent and solos were given by Miss Mabel Todd, Miss Mary Taylor, Miss Flossie Freeman and Miss Irma Wells. The attendance in the Sunday School ran up to 190 and the annual Sunday School Missionary offering was $60. So far this year the Sunday school has raised $80 for missions.

The Lemon Club Phantom.

The Lemon Club for its Easter dance decided to give a phantom or sheet and pillow case party and between the hours of eight and nine o'clock Monday the streets were literally filled with the most ghoulish looking figures in the shape of human beings that ever infested a town since the days when "hob-goblins" and "brouchees" were popular and witches were burned to the stake.

By nine-thirty fully 50 pairs of white robed white cups were flitting about the dancing floor of the Smethport Lyceum to the tuneful music of Chadwick's orchestra and in the subdued light of those ghost-like, silent merry-makers presented a peculiar yet pretty sight, and as they glided over the floor they reminded one of a scene in the "Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" comic opera.

And many was the young and not so young wife who laughed in ghoulish glee when her ordinary cold spouse discovered in her some new charms and whispered sweet nothings or somethings in her shell-like ear.

But they had an unusually jolly time and when the time came for unmasking there were many surprises and many cases of previously mistaken identity. About the only person who was generally known before the unmasking was Attorney Sheridan Gorton and the crowd took a mean advantage to discover him. When the first square dance was announced a volunteer to do the prompting was asked for and when that silvery voice floated through the air everybody spotted Mr. Gorton.

After all had unmasked, several more couples who had been watching from the balcony joined the dancers and all had a jolly time until an extremely late hour. Too much cannot be said of the good music, the good luncheon and the good time.

The McKean County Fair.

The farmers, the fakirs, the rubes, the old maids, the widows, the gold brick men, the city folks, the bride and groom, the side show man, Teddy Bear chorus, the farmer chorus, all the songs, all the choruses, the flobby, flabby, flippity, floppity, hippity potamus, the wild man, the magician, the bearded woman, the snake charmer, the fire eater, the strong man, Maud, the Jersey Lilly, the fat lady, Joe Joe dog-faced-man, the famous limber jack contortionists, Siamese twins, Barnum's jumbo and baby elephant brought to life, the fancy chickens, prize pumpkins, turkeys, ducks, cows calves, horses' races, wheels of fortune, and other things too numerous to mention.

All these and more too will be seen at the McKean County Fair to be given under the auspices of the Travellers' Club at the Smethport Lyceum next Wednesday evening. No one should miss seeing this excellent attraction and assist a good cause.

Excellent Attraction.

"The Lily and the Prince" was the attraction at the Lyceum Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and gave two excellent performances to small houses.

This company was only booked for Tuesday night but owing to a mixup in dates they stayed over and gave the second performance at reduced prices but even then the people failed to respond as they really should for everybody who saw the performance was highly pleased, but it seems that the legitimate drama is not the kind that pleases the multitude at the present time.

Easter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Obituary.

The death of Conrad Herzog occurred at his late home in Norwich township on Friday, the 9th of April, 1909. The deceased had been failing in strength for the past three years, but most of the time had been able to oversee his work. On Friday of last week he seemed usually well in the forenoon, but later complained of not feeling as well as usual. He was assisted in getting in bed, and soon passed quietly and peacefully away. His death was attributed to heart disease.

The parents of Conrad Herzog came to this county in its new and sparsely settled days. They made a home for themselves in Sergeant township on what is known as the old Bunker Hill farm. They were honest, industrious, German Lutheran people. Their son Conrad was born in 1851, and in the 1874 the family moved to Farmers Valley.

On October 3rd, 1879, Mr. Conrad Herzog and Miss Nora Cannon of Coudersport were united in marriage. They lived in Farmers Valley until about seven years ago when they came to Norwich township and resided on the farm once owned by Wm. Shinemoun, Sr.

The deceased leaves a wife and eight children, namely, Charles, Edna, Bert, Audrey, Fern, Donna, Cecil and Harry. The family was very much attached to the departed one, who was a very kind husband, an affectionate father, a good citizen, industrious, benevolent and in fact a good man everywhere.

Five brothers and a sister were present at the funeral. The brothers and a nephew acted as pall bearers. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. J. J. Perkins. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Farmers Valley.

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The Inspiration of Purpose.

Purpose gives new meaning to life it shows the only real reason for living is living for something. It is the assertion of our kingship over conditions, our mastery over self, our glory in fighting for the right at close range and fighting to the end. Purpose makes a man a crusader, glorying in his effort to attain the cross of some high ideal where the glow and inspiration of the struggle are greater than the mere crown of victory.

Purpose makes man his own second creator and by it he can make himself what he will. He can choose his own realm; he can live contentedly in the mud of low desires like a lizard or sweep boldly high in the pure bracing air of noble ideals like an eagle rightfully claiming the mountain tops as its own. Purpose transforms the commonplaces of life; it strengthens the mind to meet obstacles and to be undaunted by them as a hardy swimmer glories in the battle with waves and opposing currents. Purpose gives man every new progressive relations of his possibilities. It means consecration, living at our best for the sake of what is best; it means dedicating self to something higher than self. All true purpose must in the ultimate analysis be unselfish. It can never find its finality in mere acquisition for self. This may be ambition but not high purpose.

Purpose at its best must be above and beyond us like the polar star that guides and inspires the compass of the mariner. The world needs more than talent, genius, wealth, or power, men of mighty purpose, men consecrated to daily living in the inspiring illumination of an ideal; men who make each day count directly for something real, who face each day's sunset with new harvests of good for those around them and for the world.

The great thing in life in not in realizing a purpose, but in fighting for it. If we feel the possibilities of a great work large before us and impelling us to action it is our duty to consecrate ourselves to it. Failure in a great work is nobler than success in a petty one that is beneath our maximum of possibility. We have nothing to do with results; they do not belong to us anyway. It is our duty to do our best bravely and rest in the sweet comfort of this fact alone. —Circle Magazine for April.

Died as the Result of Fright.

George E. Gale of New York City, aged 47 years, a son of William McClure Gale, formerly a resident of Galeton, and in whose honor the town was named, died in that city Friday as the result of angina pectoris, an affliction of the heart, which was caused when, one night three years ago, a burglar entered his room and holding a revolver at his head for several minutes took a large number of pieces of valuable jewelry. The burglar was afterward caught and is now serving a forty-year sentence in Sing Sing.

Up to the time of his trying experience Mr. Gale had been well and strong, but afterward he experienced trouble with his heart from which he never recovered.—Potter Democrat.

For Sale Cheap.

Two wood stoves in good condition. One dress form as good as new. Dining table, gas range and sewing machine. Will be sold very cheap for cash. Call on Mrs. Frank W. Backus, East Main street.

WILL BUILD A NEW BRICK BUILDING

J. S. McCarthy Closed His Place of Business For That Purpose.

WILL BE A TWO-STORY BUILDING

Old Building Will be Torn Down Soon and Work on New Structure Started—Has Faith in Town's Future Outlook.

On Saturday last J. S. McCarthy closed his meat market and grocery store on the north side of Main street for the summer and in the near future will commence tearing down the two-story frame building which he has occupied for the past fifteen years, preparatory to building a two-story brick building in which he will install a modern, up-to-date meat market.

In an interview with Mr. McCarthy Monday morning he stated to the writer that he was not closing his place of business on account of the scarcity of ice, but because he realized the necessity of having a better place in which to conduct his business. He said that the old building would have to undergo extensive repairs if he used it any longer and therefore he had made up his mind to build a suitable building in its place.

The new structure is to be two feet wider than the one now standing on the lot and considerably deeper. It is to be of solid brick with tile floor and steel ceiling and will be modern in every respect. The second floor will be fitted for a modern flat.

Mr. McCarthy said that although business was a little dull here just now he was not in the least worried about the future of Smethport and was going to put up a permanent building for his place of business. If more people were like Mr. McCarthy our town would be the better for it.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Senator Aldrich heeded the warning of the President that any tariff bill which did not keep faith and carry out the pledges of the national platform would be vetoed, and has assured the President that there would be no necessity for his vetoing the bill when the Senator got through with it, as the Senate substitute provides for reductions from the Dingley bill on every item which can be regarded as necessity. Mr. Aldrich took with him to the White House the draft of the Senate substitute, so far as it has been completed by the Finance Committee, and showed the President the work he and his colleagues on the committee had done. President Taft was agreeably surprised at the extent to which the substitute makes good the pledges of the party and he now believes that there should be no trouble in passing the bill in the Senate. There is a material difference, of course, between the completion of a tariff bill by the Finance Committee and its final adoption by both Houses of Congress. But Mr. Aldrich is convinced that the bill will so far command the support of the Republicans in the Senate that it will not be difficult to obtain a majority for every schedule. Mr. Aldrich outlined to the President the views of the committee with regard to the administrative features of the bill, the methods to be employed in determining the valuation of imports, and Mr. Taft expressed his approval of all the changes which the committee proposed to make in the Payne bill.

President Taft is in receipt of an annual pass for himself and party, which can be used on all American League ball grounds in the country, and a similar pass has been presented to the Vice President. The President's pass, which is marked "No. 1 A," is in the form of a handsome leather card case, with his monogram in heavy gold letters on the inside flap.

Speaker Cannon was presented this week with petitions signed by 250,000 persons in Chicago, requesting that the Payne bill be so amended as to decrease the duties on hosiery and gloves. They were brought to Washington by four Chicago women, selected at a mass meeting held recently in that city to protest against the increased duties on these articles, and the Speaker told them he would be glad to have the petitions presented to the House but that he could give them no encouragement.

It is predicted at the Capitol that when the Payne bill is finally passed by both houses of Congress it will carry an authorization for the President to appoint a tariff commission to investigate and report from time to time on schedules and reciprocity agreements, and it is reported, also, that Speaker Cannon is favorable to the creation of such a commission. The claim is made that the commission will consist of seven members, five to be appointed by the President from civil life, and two members to be Treasury Department experts, and the salaries will be fixed at $10,000 a year. This tariff bureau, it is claimed, will be a part of the bureau on manufacturers of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and will be subject, practically to the direction of the ways and means committee and the Finance Committee of the Senate.

President Zelaya of Nicaragua should take warning by the fate of Cipriano Castro, former President of Venezuela. At present, Zelaya is practically defying the United States, refusing to settle an American claim which this country has been pressing for two years, threatening the peace of all Central America, of which he hopes ultimately to become the dictator and is, apparently imagining that his continuacy will pass unpunished. Because the United States, like "the mills of the gods" moves slowly," some of these South and Central American despots imagine that there is no motion at all. Castro defied the United States for years and because this country did not bombard his ports imagined that he could continue to do so with impunity and continuously. Now, however, Senor Castro doubtless regrets his method of treating this country. Having been compelled to go abroad to consult a physician, has been superseded by one of his political opponents, has been indicted for the murder of one of his political opponents of former years, and now finds that because of the influence of the United States he cannot establish a base of intrigue anywhere on this continent. He has landed on French Island, in the vicinity of Venezuela, but through the good offices of this country exercised on behalf of his successor, who thus far gives every indication of wishing to treat the claims of the [illegible] as with all proper respect, a rance has ordered him to leave, Great Britain and Denmark will not let him land and unless he dies in one of his fits of rage he will be compelled to return to Europe. Zelaya should take warning. He may defy the United States for a long time with no untoward results but he is playing a dangerous game and one which will ultimately bring its punishment as surely as the night follows day. President Taft has little patience with Zelaya, far less indeed, than President Roosevelt had for Castro, and if Zelaya is wise he will profit by the experience of his contemporary and cease from antagonizing this country.

Married Under Disadvantages.

A dispatch from Punxsutawney says: Swathed like a mummy and lying on a cot in the City hospital, James Sharkey, who a week ago fell 80 feet from a bridge, peered with one eye from his bandages and watched the ceremony that made him a husband yesterday.

Miss Bessie McNaughton of Somerville was the bride. Fearing to hurt her husband, she held with utmost gentleness the wounded hand that had been unwrapped and placed in hers.

The marriage license, which was taken out the day after Sharkey fell from the bridge, was signed by the injured man, but he had to hold the pen between his teeth to do it, making his mark.

When Sharkey fell from the Franklin & Clearfield Railroad bridge, on which he was working, both arms and one leg were broken, both hands were cut, his face was bruised almost beyond recognition and he was otherwise seriously injured. He did not lose consciousness and demanded that his wedding plans be carried out.

The bride was attended as bridesmaid, by Miss Minta Jacox, who also serves as nurse for the injured bridegroom at the hospital.

Sharkey had to forego kissing the bride and entrusted that part of the ceremony to a friend. Justice McLaughlin, father of the bride, performed the ceremony and after the wedding took his daughter home with him.

Sharkey is expected to be out in about six weeks. He expressed regret that such a trifle as a 90-foot fall should have resulted so seriously, as he fell 105 feet two years ago and sustained nothing worse than a few broken ribs. He was a sailor then and fell from a ship's mast into the sea.

The House Beautiful—Bell Bro's of Olean, N. Y., Announce an Aggressive Policy in Their Furniture And Carpet Departments.

This big store sells the kind of furniture that one enjoys possessing and seeing—not only this fact exists but their prices are always the lowest

During the next ten days all parlor—dining-room—hall-room and library pieces will be greatly reduced in prices. Too large stock is the cause—A good reason why buyers should visit this Big Department store now. Are you building a house this spring? Do you need odd pieces to take the place of worn out furniture? Are you going to be married? If so, Bell Bro's will make you a saving of 15 to 25% on your purchases—The same inducements are offered in carpets, rugs, lace curtains, linoleums, China mattings and wall paper.

Then again if your purchases amount to $50 or more, railroad fare will be paid both ways on a distance not exceeding 50 miles or one way if your purchases amount to $25.

Go to Bell Bro's, Olean, N. Y., to buy your carpets, furniture, rugs, matting, wall paper, etc.

....The.... Conspirators

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

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"Of course I can understand my wife's position in the case," the judge said. "She wants her only daughter to marry a man with money, and you haven't any. So this is my plan: I'll settle a good, solid sum on you, and you can say it came from a rich relative. Then my wife will be satisfied. You can marry Roxane and live happy ever after."

"Oh"—Oliver's face was bright with hope—"you are very good, sir!"

"But you mustn't tell Roxane where you got the money," the judge pursued. "She couldn't keep it from her mother."

"But I ought not to deceive my future wife."

The judge banged a heavy fist on his desk. "Don't be foolish," he said sternly. "It's the only way."

"But"— Then before Oliver could proceed with his objection a clear voice asked, "May I come in?"

"Roxane!" exclaimed the two men.

She stood in reality on the threshold, a slender little thing, with her fair hair puffed out under a plumed hat.

"Mother is waiting in the motor," she said breathlessly. "We are on our way to the charity bazaar, and I want some money."

The judge kissed her. "Now it's Oliver's turn," he teased.

"Oh, father!" she reproached him, with a sob, "you know Oliver and I have had to break our engagement because mother won't hear of it." And she fell her face on the judge's shoulder.

The judge glanced at Oliver. "Tell her," he commanded, and the boy began:

As he proceeded Roxane interrupted. "You mean that some one has left you a fortune?"

Oliver nodded.

"Where is he?"

"He is dead," the boy stammered. "I never knew him closely enough for intimacy."

"Then I can't see why you should refuse to marry me," Roxane declared.

With her face hidden, the girl went on still [illegible] Oliver, Oliver. Don't you?"

For a moment he hesitated, then he gulped [illegible] "It's worth everything to [illegible] at any rate, Roxane," he said bravely.

"I [illegible] brought [illegible] Suddenly [illegible] warned the judge, and [illegible] the stout lady in native costume [illegible] two solemn young people on each side of the judge's desk. The [illegible] planned [illegible] but was all [illegible] over one ear and that a golden hair draped across Oliver's coat collar were details which escaped her.

"I thought Roxane was never coming down," she panted.

"I found Oliver here," Roxane explained, "and, oh, mother, a rich relative has left him a fortune."

"A fortune—Oliver!" scoffed the stout lady. "Why, he hasn't a rich relative in the world!"

"The fact remains, my dear," the judge asserted blandly, "that he has had a fortune left him by a distant cousin."

"What cousin?" was the demand. "You needn't tell me, James."

"Tut, tut," the judge cautioned. "Don't accuse the boy of lying."

"I'm not accusing anybody," Mrs. Vandiver stated. "I merely asked you what cousin, James."

The judge mopped his forehead. The sudden arrival of the ladies of his household had not given him time to perfect details.

"I'm not sure of the name, Abbie," he stammered. "Perhaps Oliver can satisfy you."

But Oliver weakened. "I think Mrs. Vandiver is right," he said unsteadily. "Until I can offer satisfactory proof of my good fortune it will be well for me to give up Roxane."

"Oliver!" The wail was from his betrothed, but he went on, "There may be some mistake."

"Of course," said Mrs. Vandiver, with aggravating sureness. "Come on, Roxane." And she dragged her unwilling captive from the room.

Left alone, the conspirators stared at each other.

"Now you've done it," said the judge disgustedly. "Why couldn't you bluff it out?"

"Not with Roxane's trusting eyes on me," said Roxane's lover.

"Well, if you knew Roxane's mother as well as I do," the judge growled, "you would know that it's the only hope."

After a depressing silence Oliver ventured, "Perhaps if you approached her differently you might get better results."

The judge spilled. "How do you mean?"

Oliver blushed. "Oh, well, I've sometimes thought, sir, that if you suggested to your wife's sense of romance"—

"Romance!" exploded the judge. "Romance, indeed!"

"You must have some memories that would make her feel tenderly toward you sometimes"—

"It has been so long," the judge murmured and found himself suddenly curious as to when he had ceased to think of Abbie as the princess in his fairy tale. When had he ceased to write sonnets to her ringlets, odes to her eyebrows?

"You see, I'm afraid we're beyond romance," he murmured. "She wouldn't understand."

"It seems to me," said the wise young Daniel, "that a woman is never too old to resist an appeal to her heart."

The judge pondered. "I asked her to marry me on Oct. 15 twenty-two years ago."

"There," Oliver exclaimed, "and today is the 14th, and tomorrow is an anniversary. Oh, you've got to take advantage of that, Judge."

"I took her to ride in my buggy," the judge rumbled on sheepishly. "There was a big round moon"—

He stopped suddenly. "But of course we've grown sensible since then," he said wistfully.

"Well, you just ask her to go tomorrow," Oliver recommended, and then the judge gave in.

The next evening he presented himself at the dinner table armed with a long paper box.

"For you, my dear," he said to his wife as she came in with Roxane, heavy eyed and pensive.

The box, being opened, showed rosy carnations.

"The nearest thing I could get to pinks," the judge explained.

"Why pinks?" his wife demanded.

"Abbie," he reproached, "have you forgotten that twenty-two years ago you wore pinks"—

Mrs. Vandiver's expansive features expressed a blank surprise. "What happened twenty-two years ago?"

"I know," Roxane interrupted. There's the picture on father's desk—you have on a blue dress and a bunch of pinks—you said you looked that way when he asked you to marry him."

The blush that stole up toward Mrs. Vandiver's gray curls gave her a curious look of youth. "Why, James," she faltered, "did you really remember?"

"Yes," said the judge, feeling that had he never forgotten life would have held deeper meanings.

Mrs. Vandiver came around and kissed her husband. "Thank you, dear," she said, with a gentleness that made Roxane stare.

After that it was not hard to propose a ride by moonlight, and Mrs. Vandiver, consenting, came down in a blue gown that became her elderly plumpness almost as well as that other blue gown had set off her girlish figure.

The judge's electric runabout replaced the buggy of long ago, and as they went quickly through the city and out into the country roads that astute gentleman refrained from any mention of Oliver and Roxane. All his talk was of things of the past.

"How happy we were, Abbie," he said at last, and his wife responded with a little, "Very happy, James."

A golden moon hung above the dark line of the hills. The air was sweet with the spiciness of the pines. The judge was thrilled with bygone emotions, and his arm was comfortably about his wife's waist.

Then in the gesture of the restoration to her place of romance of the Abbie of long ago he forgot Oliver—forgot Roxane.

He was brought back with a shock when Mrs. Vandiver said as they turned toward home, "I've been thinking of Roxane. If she really loves Oliver I don't know but I ought"—

"Of course you ought," said the judge promptly. "Give them your blessing, and let them be as happy as we are."

"I am afraid that Oliver has been fooled by some of those firms who hunt up lost heirs," the lady pursued. "Of course Oliver was sincere, but I don't think much of the fortune story."

"No," mendaciously, "it didn't seem probable."

"You can settle something on them after they are married," said Mrs. Vandiver. "We haven't any one to leave it to but Roxane—and—and it would be nice to have them engaged on the same day that we were, Jimmie."

Jimmie! The magic of the youthful appellation made the judge feel like a colt.

"Let's get them married and you and I will go off and have another honeymoon," he proposed jubilantly. "We will have the time of our lives."

The ripple that came from his wife's lips was a silver echo of the golden laughter of other days.

"We will," she said and lifted her face to him in the moonlight, "and now let's go right home and tell the children, Jimmie."

SPOTTING CRIMINALS

Plans of London Shops and Banks For Foiling Thieves.

A CODE OF SECRET SIGNALS.

The Moment a Suspect Is Discovered In an Establishment the Warning Is Quickly Given to the Employees, Who Are Instantly on the Alert.

"Do you know if Brown has returned that parcel of stones yet?"

The scene may be the shop of a fashionable west end jeweler. Costly gems glint in velvet lined cases. One frock coated shopman turns casually to another with the perfectly natural question quoted above.

To those customers who may be in the establishment the remark means nothing, but to the man who is addressed it spells volumes. "Brown" is a secret code word, and it means that the elegantly clad woman to whom the speaker is displaying a tray of sparkling stones is suspected by him of being a thief and that her every action must be watched.

Quite recently in connection with a terrible outrage in the west end of London, in which an unfortunate money changer was done to death in his office by a desperate robber, the fact was disclosed that in the case of a sudden attack it had been arranged that one of the assistants should surreptitiously hand and turn one of these plates so that it is in a perfectly straight line with the exit from which it projects.

The ingenuity of this idea lies in the fact that, while the action is perfectly natural, it is so unnoticeable that even when the bank is full of people it cannot fail to be observed by the man who is upon the lookout.

Quite the most elaborate system of which details are obtainable is that installed by a firm of electrical engineers for one prominent west end jeweler. The manager who is on duty sits at a glass screened desk in the rear of the shop in such a position that, while scarcely being seen himself and certainly without making any movement, he has an absolutely unimpeded view of every counter and show case.

Near him, on a small board, shielded from view, is a row of tiny red electric light bulbs. One corresponds to the position of each of the suave assistants who attends to the wants of the jewel buying public. Sunk in the floor, near the foot of each assistant, is a button, and his duty, is done when, should he think a customer he is serving may not be "on the square," he places his foot on this convenient button. The little glow lamp lights up at the other end of the wire, and the manager's attention is promptly focused in the direction indicated.

Should his keen scrutiny reveal an actual theft from the articles displayed on the counter or from some unprotected tray he himself presses a button as the thief turns to leave the shop. This serves to warn a smart attendant, who is on duty at the portals, and the wrongdoer finds his or her pathway barred without a word having been uttered or sign of warning given.—London Answers.

Whistler's Grocery Bill.

Whistler's social affairs were the mingled joy and terror of his friends, and the Pennells, in their "Life of Whistler," give a most amusing glimpse into this side of his life. On one occasion he had actually run up a bill of $200 with a Chelsea grocer, who at last called to insist upon payment. Whistler came out strong on that occasion.

"How—what—why—why, of course, you have sent these things—most excellent things and they have been eaten, you know, by most excellent people. Think what a splendid advertisement! And sometimes, you know, the salads are not quite up to the mark—the fruit, you know, not quite fresh. And if you go into these unseemly discussions about the bill—well, you know, I shall have to go into discussions about all this, and think how it would hurt your reputation with all these extraordinary people. I think the best thing is not to refer to the past. I'll let it go. And in the future we'll have a weekly account—wiser, you know."

The grocer left without his money, but he had by payment two [illegible] the Chelsea Walt[illegible]

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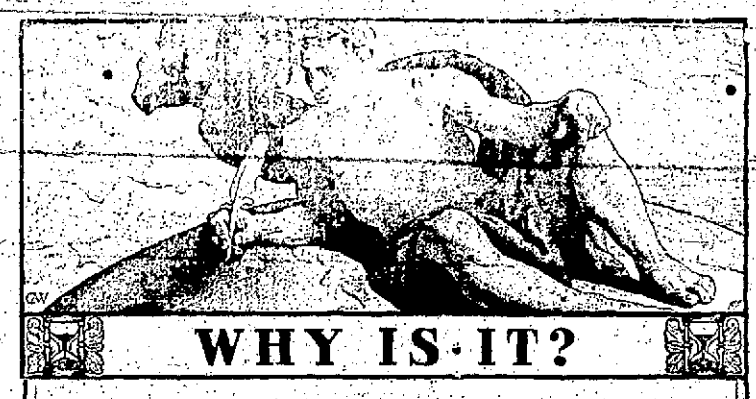

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 15, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Read Daly & Garlick's change of advertisement.

—There is some talk at present of starting a Grange store at Coryville.

—Do not forget to see Hadley's moving pictures at the Lyceum Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the I. O. O. F. band.

—Baptist church, regular preaching services Sunday, April 18, at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. and prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Subject for morning, "Doubting Thomas," evening, "Light." You are most cordially invited to be present.

—The W. C. T. U. meeting will be held Wednesday, April 21 (instead of on Saturday) at 3 o'clock. Besides the regular business there will be a short program and tying bows in text cards. Light refreshments will be served. A good attendance is desired and visitors will be welcome. Do not forget the change in day.

—Sunday night seven foreigners at Brockwayville engaged in a fight in a speak easy, and as a result one man is dead, and all but two of the others are seriously injured. Guns, knives and clubs were freely used. The police find it impossible to get sufficient information to warrant making arrests.—Johnsonburg Press.

—The building committee that had in charge the erection of the handsome new Swedish Congregational church at Ridgway have completed their labors, and have turned the edifice over to the congregation. The building cost in round numbers $25,000 and is pronounced by those in position to judge as the most stately Swedish church in this part of the state.—Johnsonburg Press.

—Ralph Niver, 17 years old, whose home is near Davis, was arrested Monday in a boiler house near Mt. Alton. The charge against the youth is that of breaking into and robbing John Bartley's store in Mt. Alton Saturday night. Several articles taken from the store were found in Niver's possession and identified. Niver was taken to Mt. Jewett by Constable Fred Spaulding and before a magistrate he was bound over to court. He pleaded not guilty. No bail having been obtained he was brought here and lodged in jail.

—Remember the McKean County Fair at the Smethport Lyceum next Wednesday evening.

—Monday night the store of A. D. Pietranton at Lewis Run was entered by burglars and 22 pairs of trousers, 10 razors and seven pairs of shoes taken. The thieves are still at large.

—The Larmon Cornell farm of 209 acres, two miles southeast of Bolivar, was sold through the Herrick Agency to H. J. Stocking of Belfast, who took possession Wednesday. The deal included stock and tools.

—The Potter County Journal says: Forty-three children and grandchildren of Thomas Kibbe gathered at the home of the old gentleman at Harrison Valley and "warmed the cockles of his heart" by their presence, and the gift of a Morris chair. Mr. Kibbe presided at the head of the table with his hat on, a custom long enjoyed by him, and after a bountcous repast presented each guest with a 20-dollar gold piece.

—From the Potter Democrat we learn that during the heavy wind storm on Wednesday Mrs. Lizzie Conley was seriously, if not fatally, hurt. She went to a platform at the rear of her house to get a dish pan full of water from a pump. While she was standing on the platform it was picked up by the wind and turned over, falling upon her. The dish pan which struck on edge saved her from the full force of the contact otherwise it is thought she would have been killed.

—Gerald, youngest son of Edward Lower, accidentally cut his mouth by falling on a tin toy, and in spite of all that medical aid could do, bled to death Monday, says a Tyrone, Pa., dispatch. Ralph, two years old, fell down stairs six months ago and received a small cut on his face. The blood could not be stopped and he died. A year ago Jessie, four years old, fell and cut her head on the sharp edge of a wooden block. She also bled to death. Physicians say that the Lower family's blood is in such a condition that it fails to coagulate when it comes in contact with the air. Four other relatives have bled to death.

You should not delay under any circumstances in cases of Kidney and Bladder trouble. You should take something promptly that you know is reliable, something like DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are unequal for weak back, backache, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatic pains, etc. When you ask for DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, be sure you get them. They are antiseptic. Accept no substitutes: insist upon getting the right kind. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

The Badge of Honesty

Is on every wrapper of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because a full list of the ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. Forty years of experience has proven its superior worth as a blood purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone and Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherrybark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Drs. Barthalow, King, Scudder, Coe, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion or dyspepsia as well as in all bilious or liver complaints and in all "wasting diseases" where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, pure blood and so invigorates and regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, and, through them, the whole system. Thus all skin affections, blotches, pimples and eruptions as well as scrofulous swellings and old open running sores or ulcers are cured and healed. In treating old running sores, or ulcers, it is well to insure their healing to apply to them Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve. If your druggist don't happen to have this Salve in stock, send fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a large box of the "All-Healing Salve" will teach you by return post.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine of KNOWN COMPOSITION, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

Called the Deal Off.

A lad attending school craved a little holiday one morning when he planned out to wrestle once again with the trials incident to getting an education. As he entered the schoolroom he patched a plot to get the coveted holiday. He went up to the teacher's desk and told his story. "My mother wants to know if you won't excuse me for today?" he began. "She wants me to do some work at home and thought if I'd study at home this evening and make up what I'd missed mebby you'd let me off."

Something about the lad's manner kept the words from carrying conviction. The teacher bluffed back as follows: "Tommy," said she, "you won't need to go home at all. Since you started to school your mother called me on the phone to tell me that she had changed her mind and for you to stay here."

The lad looked at her, startled. "Aw, well," he said, "as long as both of us are fixin' about it, let's just call it quits. I'll stay here."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Wealthy Soldier's Idea.

Australians still tell stories of the colonial volunteers, although the wars is a far memory. One, a member of the Stock Exchange, was left one wet and miserable night to guard a wagon load of goods. He shivered in the unsheltered place for some hours ponder ing many things, and then a bright thought struck him just as the colonel came around on his tour of inspection.

"Colonel," he asked, "how much is this wagon worth?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "Much or little, we can't afford to lose it."

"Well, but, colonel," persisted the amateur soldier, "you might give me a rough idea of the value."

"About £200," said the colonel testily.

"Very well," was the answer; "I will come down to the camp and give you a check for the amount. Then I'll turn in. I wouldn't catch my death of cold for twice that much."

What the colonel said is not recorded.—Melbourne Times.

Fourteenth Century Doctors.

Symonds' "Social Life in England" quotes a number of fourteenth century hints to success for physicians:

Suppose you know nothing, say there is no clear current in the liver. Perhaps the patient will say, "Nay, master, it is my head or legs that trouble me." Reply that it comes from the liver, and especially use the word "obstruction," for patients do not understand it, which is important.

Never dine with a patient who has not paid you. It will be cheaper to get your dinner at an inn, for such feasts are usually deducted from the surgeon's fee.

When you are treating a wound or accident, the friends of the patient should be excluded, for they may faint and cause a disturbance, but sometimes a higher fee may be got from persons present fainting and breaking their heads against wood and the like than from the principal patient.

Secret Society Among Sese Islanders.

The Sese Islanders have attained a peculiar posterity in Uganda because of a secret society called the Buchichi, which is not a burial society, although its members take a deep and intelligent interest in all deaths and burials in their midst. In the more refined villages, although greatly discouraged by the British authorities, it is said to be still the custom for the sorrowing relatives to bear the body of the deceased wrapped in bark on a rough bier to some forest thicket, desolate ravine or other unfrequented spot, where it is left unburied by the bearers, who never revisit the place again. The Buchichi, who are denizens of a neighboring village, and distant relatives of the deceased avoid the necessity of burial or cremation and show their respect for the deceased by simply eating him.—National Magazine.

A Disappointment.

"Yes," says the lady after an acquaintance of ten or fifteen years before has been renewed, "I remember you perfectly."

"Indeed?" murmurs the gratified man. "I am glad to know that."

"Yes; at one time I thought of marrying you."

"Oh," he replies dejectedly. "I thought for the moment that there might have been something that made me different from all the other men you ever knew."—Life.

A Stranger to His Ways.

A distinguished bishop of the Episcopal church, arriving late at a small town one night, found the hotel closed, and, inquiring at the door for admission, a delighted stuck his head out of an adjoining window with, "Say, stranger, go 'way! Else the devil!" to which the bishop replied, "I don't know how."

Hit Home.

Tommy—Paw, what is three card monte? Mr. Tucker—It's the most diabolical, infernal swindle that ever anybody—er—er—oh, it's some sort of a gambling game with cards, I believe, Tommy.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Too Often.

"They tell me New England is full of old maids," said the Philadelphia girl. "Now, I suppose you Boston girls don't often marry?" "No; only once, as a rule," replied the Boston girl.—Philadelphia Record.

Spots Removed While You Sleep.

Dill—Has your wife a recipe for removing spots from clothing? Pickle—I should say she had! She removed two fire-spots from my trousers pocket with quietness and dispatch last night.—Judge.

Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it also moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. It contains no opiates. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Why the Judge Paid.

A physician, says a medical journal that vouches for the truth of the story, was once summoned in haste to attend the child of a family that lived in two rooms in the heart of a large American city—not New York. The child had been seized suddenly and seriously and just at detection time. The mother was in despair, and when the doubtful prognosis was given she broke into wailing and violent self condemnation for some horrible sin of the family to which she said the child's illness was due—a direct punishment for their crime. She would go and confess the magistrate for it all, her husband should resign from the force," and such evil ways should be renounced forever.

Curious to know how the magistrate could be held responsible for the child's illness, the doctor finally secured the confession that the crime of the poor, conscience stricken woman consisted in allowing the names of many fraudulent voters to be registered as residing in her house, in swearing to the lie, etc. The magistrate also had demanded this of all the neighbors in return for indescribable political favors.

The child recovered, and the magistrate paid the physician's bill.

Carrying a Watch.

"After carrying a watch for thirty years I have just learned something new in watch lore," said the city salesman. "I don't know whether this is true or not, but an old watchmaker told me. I bought a watch of him the other day. It was a cheap watch. He said:

"'What pocket are you going to carry your watch in—the right or left?'

"I told him the left.

"'Then,' said he, 'I will regulate it for the left.'

"I asked what difference it made, and he declared that a watch runs faster on the left side than on the right, so to keep it from gaining time he regulates it accordingly. In fine watches the difference is hardly worth considering, but in watches of cheap make like mine it is very noticeable. I asked for a scientific reason for the variation. He could give none; said he only knew it was true, and—then, whether he was joking or not, he pretended to regulate my watch for the left pocket!"—New York Sun.

Chinaware of the Big Hotels.

The only china used at private dinners at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York is the "Service," which was made in Paris especially for this hotel, with blue and gold pattern and the monogram of the hotel on the rim of each piece. There are seventy-two pieces to a set, and each piece cost $6. At the Plaza and Astor the cost of each piece is $4 and $5 respectively, and designs are white and gold and plain white with border of asters. Great care had been taken and large expense incurred in obtaining the choicest china for the Waldorf-Astoria. For select private dinners the "crown" set is used, consisting of specimens from the sets of royalty dating from the time of Napoleon to the present. The pattern is a blue and gold border with a picture in the center of each piece of the king and queen to whom that particular piece belonged. The set could not be duplicated for $1,000,000.—Good Housekeeping.

A Dangerous Subject.

Professor Henry Drummond when a boy discovered that he could hypnotize people. At a birthday party a little girl declined to play the piano. Drummond happened to catch her eye and said, "Polly." To his surprise she rose at once, went to the piano and played. At another time he hypnotized a boy and gave him a poker for a gun. "Now," said Drummond, "I'm a pheasant. Shoot me." The boy did so, and Drummond fell to keep up the illusion, whereupon the boy, seeing the "bird" move, was about to hit it over the head with the poker. The hypnotizer had just time to stop the magnetized sportsman.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Woman's Smile.

"Strange what a little thing will turn the whole current of a man's life!"

"What's the matter now, Jones?"

"Up to thirty days ago the young lady of my choice was taking my attentions seriously and our marriage seemed a foregone conclusion. Then I met her on the avenue, lifted my hat, made my best bow and dropped through a coal hole. Now she can't keep her face straight a minute while we're together."—Detroit Free Press.

Trouble Ahead.

It was in an electric car coming from Streatham one day last week. The loquacious lady seemed greatly perturbed and fully prepared for the strenuous life.

"Yes, I don't usually go into town at this time of the morning," said she, "but I rang up my husband on the telephone, and I heard him tell the office boy to say that he wasn't in, and that's what I'm going into town for."—London Tatler.

Nothing Special.

Library Assistant (to visitor who is wandering about in a puzzled manner)—Can I help you? Are you looking for anything special? Visitor (absently)—No, thank you. I was only looking for my wife.—Exchange.

His Love Like the Ocean.

Gerald—My love for you is like the boundless ocean. Geraldine—Exactly the way I take it. Gerald—What do you mean? Geraldine—With a good many grains of salt.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

If you want to be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of plus will give you points.—Exchange.

Baffled Science.

Science solves formidable problems and is powerless before apparently simple ones. She discovers steam power and electricity and bends the forces of nature to our needs. Nevertheless, she cannot yet tell why the acorn becomes an oak, why a stone falls to the ground. She is full of "whys" that remain unanswered.

Josephine's Many Names.

Josephine, empress of the French, was Yeyette to her intimate friends. Her name in reality was Marie Josephe Rose. Napoleon after the marriage decreed that she should be known as Josephine. He had a mania for rebaptizing the women of his entourage. He made his sister Marianne an Elise, of Annonciade a Caroline, of Paulette a Pauline.

Among her numerous friends Josephine remained Yeyette. Barras never called her otherwise.

The pope was so unfamiliar with her name that when he sent his benediction the letter borne by his legate was addressed to "Our Sister In Jesus Christ, Victoria Bonnaparte."

In 1814, on the departure for Elba, the Debats designated Josephine under the paraphrase "the mother of Prince Eugene."

At Rueil her tomb bears this simple inscription, "A Josephine, Eugene et Hortense, 1825." The restoration did not permit her recognition as empress.—Cri de Paris.

What Was the Matter.

E. A. Sothern once told a dilemma he got into:

"I was acting in a comedy when I had to speak the words, 'What's the matter?' Well, one night I was rather slow about taking my cue and was prompted. I forgot myself for the moment, and when the words came, 'What's the matter?' I thought something or other had occurred out of the common. I rose and looked round. Everything seemed normal, and the stage waited. Then came another 'What's the matter?' from the O. P. side. They were all getting anxious behind the scenes, and so was I, for that matter. I looked myself up and down and then scanned my fellow actor, but for the life of me couldn't see anything wrong. At last an audible whisper came: 'Go on with your lines, you idiot! What's the matter with you?' Then it suddenly dawned on me where I was, but the house had tumbled to the situation and came down in convulsions."—Minneapolis Journal.

The Substitution.

It is a well known fact that both Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir W. S. Gilbert had a horror of the idea of their operas becoming known until the very night of their performance. This fear led to the greatest precautions and considerable confusion at the initial production of "Iolanthe; or, The Peer and the Peri." The opera was rehearsed for weeks under the title of "Peroth." It was only at the dress rehearsal that the company was instructed to substitute the name "Iolanthe" for that of "Peroth" wherever it occurred in the text or lyrics. It was no easy task to replace vocalic and in the dialogue a name of three syllables for one of four. Sullivan however, said (maybe aside to one or two of the actors who were nervous): "Go ahead and sing the music. Gilbert won't be in front" (Gilbert never attended the first night), "so use any name that you think of first if you are rattled. No one in the audience will be any wiser."—Boston Post.

Young's Impromptu.

To most persons Edward Young is the author of "Night Thoughts" and nothing more, but he was also a man of the world and a shrewd and caustic wit as well as the rector of St. Mary's church at Welwyn.

It was there in the garden of the rectory that he composed some of the best impromptu verses known. He was walking with two ladies when some one summoned him to the house. His companions were agreeable, and he was in no haste to leave them. Turning as he reached the gate, he said:

Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.
Like him, I go and yet to go am loath;
Like him, I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

A man's fate lies in his character and not in his conditions.—Maisie.

Tastes Like More

That's what all our customers say who have eaten cakes made from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

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The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's

Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

The Bradford County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday April 15, 1909.

Editor Miner—Please announce that I am a candidate for Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican party at their primaries, June 12, 1909.

JAMES H. BYRNE,
East Smethport, Pa., March 30, 1909.

THE National Editor's Association will hold its regular annual meeting in Seattle on July 19. The convention will be in session at the time the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is in progress.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., was visited by a $500,000 fire Monday night. The Palmer building and the Temple Beth Kodish, one of the finest churches in the city were among the buildings destroyed.

IN the death of F. Marion Crawford, which occurred at Sorrento, Italy, on Friday, April 9, the world loses one of its greatest novelists. Although of American parentage he was born in Italy and always loved that country. He was born in 1851, and his first novel, "Mr. Isaacs," appeared in 1882, which was followed by many excellent books of fiction.

GIVE the good roads proposition a boost at every opportunity. It is the most needed improvement in the United States today. Good roads will do more for the farmer than the biggest boom that ever struck this country. They will induce his son and daughter to stay at home and help their parents in their old age instead of going to the towns and cities to work, because with good roads young people can have the social advantages in the country districts they crave so much. Good roads will cut off at least half the expense in getting the farmer's products to market and will make life's burdens lighter in every way. Do not dig a mudhole in your own path by opposing the good roads scheme but boost it every time you get a chance.

THE whip was cracked and the School code bill went through the House, at Harrisburg Monday evening, by a vote of 107 to 86. Philadelphia and Pittsburg insisted on pushing the bill through regardless of objections from other parts of the State. The organization men were too strong for the opposition and the deed was easily accomplished. Those who are in favor of changes in the school laws cite many reasons why the code should be adopted and it may, after certain amendments are added be less objectionable than its opponents say it is. But the proposition made by Mr. Smith of Crawford county to put it over until the next session seemed to be reasonable and fair, inasmuch as the bill had not been thoroughly studied by the legislators.—Era.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature closed its session to-day at noon. The number of bills passed finally this year is not so large but many good measures have gone through together with others that are not so good. The big school code with many amendments has been passed. The statue of Matthew Stanley Quay is to adorn the Capitol grounds. The Governor's road bill was restored to its original shape and sent to him for his signature. The commission was stricken out and the road will be built from Philadelphia to the Ohio state line by way of Harrisburg and Pittsburg, under the supervision of the Governor and the state highway commissioners, $8,000,000 being appropriated for the next two years and $2,000,000 for the succeeding two. The capitol park extension bill has passed. The Townsend automobile bill as passed finally makes maximum speed limit all over the state 24 miles in the open country and twelve miles in built up sections. It requires the registering of car, with a fee proportioned to the horse power and the licensing of the driver.

The Jones road bill, appropriating $1,000,000 for state aid to Township road supervisors at the rate of fifty per cent. on amount of cash raised in local road taxes was finally approved and sent to the governor.

MERCER county, in this state, owes an unusual duty to the whole country. Neither considerations of sentiment nor the convenience of individuals should be permitted to interfere in the approaching trial of the Whitla kidnappers. Since that case startled the community there have been many similar crimes planned, threatened or attempted, and we have no end of schemes of blackmail, Black Hand crimes and the like, some of them serious, others ludicrous, a few being the ventures of foolhardy young fellows fired by rum, dope or devilry; but all of them of such a nature as to bring distress to somebody or terrorize a neighborhood.

It is true that Mercer county has nothing whatever to do with these fakes and near crimes, and that she has no responsibility for imitations of the celebrated Whitla case, however base or bold. That is granted. But just as Boyle and his woman companion, or wife, by their exploit and its sensational sequences, unwittingly set a pattern for other fraups and fools to follow, so can Mercer county set an example which will impress the criminal classes and the desperate and cheap money mad of all kinds. Let the authorities of Mercer go the length of their powers under the law, give the Boyles a fair trial, with the full determination to convict them if it is at all possible, and the chances are we shall hear fewer reports of blackmailing letters and so-called Black Hand threats.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times

A Marvelous Cure.

It is related that once a German American, growing more and more afflicted with extreme nervousness, got the impression that he was forgetting English. The impression got so strong that he refused to talk anything but German. Then he became convinced that he was forgetting that, closed up like an oyster and was led away to a sanitarium, where he spent his days in complete silence.

A course of treatment was prescribed for him in which baths played an important part. Every morning the dumb German American was thrown bodily into a tub filled with very hot water, allowed to remain there awhile and then hauled out and sat to cool on the plazza.

But once the sanitarium acquired a new attendant who got his utensils mixed. He was told to bathe the German American. Filling a tub with ice cold water, he threw the patient into it.

"You ——!" You confounded ——!" roared the dumb man, beside himself with fury. "You ——!" Then he switched to German: "Du verfluchter Esel! Du ——!"

The doctors pronounced him cured, and he left the sanitarium the next day.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Domestic Hen.

Joe Jefferson used to tell this once: "In the spring of 1872, living in the vicinity of West Swanzey, N. H., I drove over to call on my old friend, Dan Thompson. It happened that I arrived at an inopportune time, as the women folk were housecleaning. I found I noticed as I drove up to the house that the clotheslines in the yard back of the house were laden with carpets.

"Dan was very anxious that I should look over his prize fowls, in which he took especial pride. We went out into the big yard back of the house. As Dan was pointing out to me his favorites we noticed one old hen going through some queer antics. She was pecking away at something on the ground, lifting it in her bill and dropping it again.

"'What's the matter with the old Biddy, anyway, Dan?' I asked.

"Dan was silent for a minute, then drawled out:

"'Well, you see, Joe, as she's a rather domestic sort of hen I cal'late the old girl must be getting ready to lay a carpet.'"—New York Telegraph.

Daintiness in Dough.

A west side family that abhors all products of the bakeshop advertised for a maid of all work.

"Can you make bread?" was the question put to each applicant.

Of all the maids who professed to own that accomplishment the mistress chose the one with the frailest hand and arms.

"I don't know about the wisdom of that choice," ventured a male member of the family. "Wouldn't it have been better to pick out a sturdier girl?"

"Not at all," said the lady. "What we require in this family, above all things, is good bread. We half live on bread. I am confident I have chosen a good breadmaker. A girl with rather delicate hands always makes better bread than one whose fists are like sledge hammers. Bread to be good needs to be coddled in the kneading. The light fingered do that instinctively, but the heavy handed slam and bang the very life out of the dough."—New York Globe.

Philosopher and Philanthropist.

"Coquelin was very charitable," said a theatrical manager. "He did more for superannuated actors and actresses than any other man in France. I once heard him speak on charity in the French Actors' home, that he did so much for.

"'There are plenty of philanthropists,' said Coquelin. 'There are plenty of philosophers—plenty, I mean, according to the definition that too many of us accept.'

"He smiled grimly.

"'Too many of us,' said Coquelin, 'define a philosopher as one who bears with resignation the cold and hunger from which his neighbor is suffering, and too many of us define a philanthropist as one who gives away other people's money.'"

A Coy Maiden.

A girl played postoffice at a party and yelled and shrieked and howled and ran behind the door and scratched the young man's face in seven places, upset a lamp, kicked over the piano stool, and when he finally kissed her on the tip of the ear she fainted dead away and said she could never look anybody in the face again. They led the bashful, modest, gentle, sobbing creature home, and the next day she ran away with a married lightning rod peddler.—Altoona (Kan.) Tribune.

A Strong Reason.

"You always speak kindly to your wife?" said the prying friend.

"Always," answered Mr. Meekton. "I never think of giving Henrietta a harsh word."

"Because you believe in ruling by gentleness?"

"No. Because self preservation is the first law of nature."—Washington Star.

Military Valor.

I wonder is it because men are such cowards in heart that they admire bravery so much and place military valor so far beyond every other quality for reward and worship?—Thackeray.

Scotland and Horse Racing.

Scotland has been famous for its horses from the most ancient days. When Agricola defeated the Caledonians at the battle of the Grampians, A. D. 84, the Celtic enemy, as Tacitus relates, were exceptionally strong in cavalry and charioteers. Successive kings of Scotland did much to improve its native breed of horses, and in this connection it is not to be forgotten that the first Scottish king of England, James I., did more to improve the race horses in our island than was ever done before him or has ever been done by any individual since. James I. was the real author of horse racing as it has since been known in England. He it was who first established regular courses, and during his reign there came into being the code of regulations that led up to the modern laws of the turf. Nobody denies that horse racing has done much for the breed of British horses. It was a gift from Scotland.—London Answers.

Sizing Up Bernard Shaw.

Bernard Shaw is thus immortalized by Charles Hawtrey, the well known English comedian: "Once on a time I had a mad desire to produce Shaw's play of 'You Never Can Tell.' I wrote to Shaw and asked his permission. He answered that he would come and read it to me. He did and began by saying that sometimes he thought it was the best play that ever was written and at others he considered it the greatest trash. Anyhow, he was of opinion that it was a pretty poor play and that if I produced it—well, I must take the consequences. Some time afterward I asked Shaw if I could compress the last act. He declined to allow one line to be altered or cut out. In view of certain contingencies I had at last to tell him that I couldn't produce the play. His answer was: 'Thank you so much! You have taken a great load off my mind.' Now, what are you to do with a man like that?"—Minneapolis Journal.

Domestic Bliss.

They had been trotting in double harness for seven long, weary months, and the honeymoon had dimpled the knees for fair.

"John," she said, as she dished out the breakfast food, "I need a little pin money this morning."

"What did you do with the $5 I gave you last week?" asked the man who had promised to love, honor and pay the freight.

"Oh, I don't remember," she replied. "It's so easy to spend $5 and have nothing to show for it."

"Right you are," sighed John. "That was the amount I paid the minister for marrying us."—Chicago News.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending April 10, 1909:

Black, E. A.
Ennis, Miss Edna.
Jackett, Charles.
Melzer, Mrs. Mary C. (2)
Smith, John.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLEY,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Sunday Excursion to St. Marys.

Sunday next, April 18, the P., S. & N. R. R. will run a special excursion from Olean and intermediate points to St. Marys and return. Train leaves Smethport 10:30 a. m. Fare for round trip 75c. For further particulars inquire of agent or Jos. T. Odell, general passenger agent.

Maple Syrup.

I have 50 gallons Chautauqua county, New York, Maple Syrup for sale. It is fine. Call, telephone or write.

A. T. PALMER,
201 Water St.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the best known pills and the best pills made, are easy to take and act gently and are certain. We sell and recommend them. H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Commences Monday.

The K. & S. will have a train leaving Smethport at 3:50, connecting with P. R. R. train No. 51 at Larabee for Olean and Buffalo.

Psalm of Life—Continued.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to live that each to-morrow
Finds us better than to-day."

Enjoyment comes to those who are clean and healthy. The great antiseptics, listerine, peroxide hydrogen, carbolic acid, with hazel and all other cleansing and healing agencies are found in convenient 25c packages or by the quantity at

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

Cement Walks

I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for

12 1-2c per Square Foot

Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction. All material and work guaranteed to be first-class.

A. E. HACKETT, Smethport

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Paying Farms in 14 States. Strout's New Monthly Bulletin of Real Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed free; we pay your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Book C.T. World's Largest Farm Dealers, Land Title Bldg., N.Y.

The Oxford Sack

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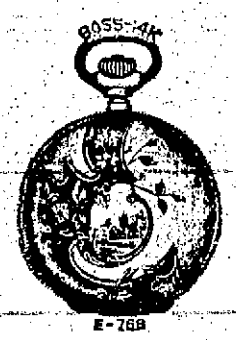
Michaels-Stern

designs are invariably graceful and distinctive, giving the wearer a combination of breeding and fashion that cannot be otherwise than a social or business asset.

The model suggested and herewith illustrated is one of the season's new suits, with a 3-button, sing-lering coat. We will guarantee you a smile of pleasure the moment you try it on.

We have every size in this most desirable model.

H. W. RUBIN
SMETHPORT, PA.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

EDGAR W. STRONG

When you think of
STOVES
think of
STRONG'S

I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

740,000 Feet of Pine, Oak and Chestnut Timber For Sale Right.

We offer for sale 100 acres of level land, on which there stands the following timber:

150,000 FIRST GROWTH PINE,
260,000 SECOND GROWTH PINE,
100,000 FIRST GROWTH OAK,
100,000 CHESTNUT,
40,000 BIG HEMLOCK.

This timber is 3 miles from railroad station in Livingston county, N. Y., down hill haul. Fine spring on land. Timber has been estimated by two experts. Price for land and timber only $6,000. Part cash, time on balance. If you are looking for timber value, this will please you.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE
COUGH SYRUP

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of
Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.,
at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.	
Banking House	$ 10,084.71
Bonds	187,419.90
Loans	570,588.87
Cash	22,031.21
Due from Banks	98,514.47
	$888,844.16
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.38
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducement consistent with conservative banking.

LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
Lath and Shingles
General Planing Mill Work
H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

Smethport's New School

Have you visited the new Smethport Branch of the Bradford Business College? Expert instruction. Terms very reasonable. Call and see us.

Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.

Evening sessions Monday and Wednesday from 8 to 10 p. m., and daily from 2 to 4 p. m.

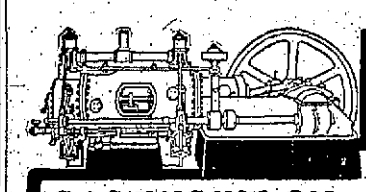
...BUY...
Lowney's Confectionery
—AT—
McCoy's Drug Store

When you buy canned goods you want the best.

Our "Springville Brand" is unsurpassed.

One trial will convince you

ANDORFER & LYLE'S



GAS ENGINE OILS
—WAVERLY—

GAS ENGINE OIL a superior oil for Gas Engine lubrication. Made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Absolute freedom from Carbon, leaves no deposit. Light in color—flows easily. WAVERLY never smuts, clogs or gums, but keeps your motor in perfect running order. For your protection—ask any dealer.

"Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit."

Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Oil Refiners, Pittsburg, Pa.

Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the *Marlin Model 16* Repeating Shotgun, *the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured*

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the *Marlin Model 16* without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous *Marlin* Model 19, with the *Marlin* solid top, and the *Marlin* closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the *Marlin* side ejection and the beautiful *Marlin* balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. *Have your dealer show it.*

There's a full description of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "*Marlin* Book" just issued. 158 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 5 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

The LINDHOLM COMPANY,

SMETHPORT, PA.

IN PRESENTING to our patrons the Spring Styles in our Suit and Coat department we feel that we are prepared to meet your wants with assortments and varieties to suit every individual taste.

With each succeeding season we have increased the volume of our business in ready-to-wear garments and this allows us to cater more largely to our patrons.

Selections have been made from manufacturers who can be depended upon to produce right styles at right prices.

We are convinced that all the materials, linings and trimmings on our garments will give proper wear, and we cheerfully add our guarantee to that of the manufacturer, that this can be depended upon in all our lines.

We ask you to inspect the Spring Garments now here and note the beautiful new cloths and the proper shades.

SUITS AT

$17.50, 19.00, 22.00, 25.00, 27.50, 30.00, 35.00

Spring styles of Patrician Oxfords now ready for you

DALY & GARLICK

MUNSVILLE PLOWS

The plows that work satisfactorily and have been tried out.

A plow that is easy to handle, light and durable.

FOR SALE AT

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 15, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Trout season opens to-day.

—The new hospital at Galeton was opened to the public yesterday.

—The advertisement of Fry & Comes should be carefully read this week.

—A movement is on foot to start a Grange telephone up Potato creek to Crosby and Colegrove.

—Rev. W. A. Harris gave a sermon in the Methodist Episcopal church in Hazelhurst Monday evening.

—M. A. Lillibridge of Port Allegany suffered a stroke of paralysis on Monday, and is in a critical condition.

—Robert Hayes has moved his family from Kane to this place. Mr. Hayes will have charge of E. K. Kane's dairy farm.

—The boys have pre-empted the vacant lots in town for base ball purposes and are having great sport during Easter vacation.

—R. K. Knapp is securing new members for the Bankers' Protective Life, of Rochester, Pa., an insurance company that is enjoying great popularity.

—There will be a dance at the Ormsby Hall, Ormsby, Friday evening, Apr. 16. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish the music and a good time is assured to all.

—Last week the Backus Novelty Co. sent by express a large order of their coat and hat lockers to Cork, Ireland, to be used in the Hotel Imperial of that place.

—The dry goods store of Robert B. Johnston at Bradford was the scene of quite an expensive fire Saturday morning. The loss is estimated at $3,000, covered by insurance.

—Carl Jessup has signed to pitch for New Castle, Pa., in the Ohio and Pennsylvania league, the coming season. Jess is one of the several who have made a successful career in base ball from this vicinity. He will receive $225 per month.—Eldred Eagle.

—Hon. L. Rogers of Kane, who has been ill for the past month, is improving rapidly at present which will be pleasing news to his many friends in this vicinity.

—In a barroom fight near Renova in which revolvers came into play, one woodsmen was fatally shot and a policeman who undertook to quell the disturbance was seriously wounded.

—Miss Vinnie Campbell, who has been teaching at Farmers Valley, has resigned from that position to accept the one in the High school of this place, made vacant by the resignation of Miss Agnes Berry.

—Following is a list of the pupils from McKean county, registered for the present year at the Mansfield Normal School: Ivan Kibbe, Glen W. Moffatt, Francis Gallup, Clara Salisbury, Elmer E. Hughes, Edwin Yentzer.

—Albert "Buke" Servatius, the well-known baseball player departed yesterday for Youngstown, O., where he will play first base with the Youngstown, O. & P. league team. The season will open in that league May 1.—Today's Era.

—The Grange telephone lines between Smethport and Coryville which takes in most of the hollows between these places are being put up and it will only be a short time until many of the houses in this district will be connected by telephone.

—The employes of the postoffice sent an Easter remembrance to their chief, at his residence in Pine avenue Sunday morning in the shape of a cluster of three dozen handsome pink carnations. Postmaster Rogers was delighted with this evidence of esteem in which he is held by those with whom he is associated.—Kane Republican.

—Miss Mabel Eagan, who was taken to the Bradford hospital last week suffering with a severe attack of appendicitis, was brought home Tuesday without undergoing an operation. Miss Eagan expected to have an operation last Saturday, but in the meantime scarlet fever broke out in the hospital and she was brough home as soon as her condition would permit. She intends to have the operation performed at her home in a few days. This is deemed necessary owing to the fact that her trouble is chronic and liable to prove serious at any time.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Service at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m. Bishop Whitehead will administer Confirmation on Saturday, April 24th at 4:30 p. m., and will officiate on Sunday morning, April 25th.

—The explosion sufferers are getting along fairly well. The only one of their number left at the hospital is Mose Bryman. The others including the adults burned, Plattner and Hayes, have been removed to their respective homes. It appears that the scarlet fever scare is subsiding materially owing to the mildness of the attack in those affected. Miss Morrison is in a favorable condition.—Bradford Era.

—The Three Hours's Service on Good Friday was largely attended at St. Luke's, the church being well filled. The Rector gave a series of ten minute addresses on the seven words from the cross, the rest of the time being occupied by prayers, hymns and silent devotions. The children's sermon, with the Story of the Cross, followed at 4 p. m. These impressive services have been held for the last twenty-eight years.

—If the verdicts of critics amount to anything as aligaries of a successful engagement, there is reason to anticipate a big house next Tuesday when Edwin J. Hadley will come with an entirely new collection of moving pictures. Mr. Hadley has been untiring in his efforts to please amusement lovers, and the universal endorsement of the press is a fitting tribute to his success. This performance is for the benefit of the band.

—H. D. Otto and family of Farmers Valley were called to Ceres, N. Y., to attend the funeral of L. J. Austin, who died April 8th, and was buried last Sunday at 3.00 p. m., Rev. Hines officiating. The G. A. R. Post of Portville, of which Mr. Austin was a member, attended the funeral in a body, marching from the house to the cemetery. Mr. Austin was 66 years of age and was years a soldier in the cavalry and in Sherman's famous march to Georgia. He leaves to mourn his loss a widow, Nellie Austin, daughter of J. C. Trumbull, deceased, one brother, Charles Austin of Michigan; two sisters, Mrs. Collins and Miss Florence Smith of Olean; Miss Lina Austin; a ward who has lived in the family since a small girl and considered the same as their own. The funeral was largely attended, showing the love and respect felt by all who knew him.

Personal Mention.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander left for New York to-day.

John Ganey was an Olean visitor over Sunday.

W. H. Hungerford had business in Olean on Monday.

Webb Hopper passed Sunday with his parents at Hornell.

J. B. Oviatt was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

O. L. Bard of Colegrove was a visitor in town Friday evening.

Miss Adams of Bradford is the guest of Mrs. T. H. Morrison.

R. K. Knapp returned home from Port Allegany Saturday.

Warley Gifford had business in Bradford the first of the week.

Ed McClure is visiting his sister, Mrs. Louis Kennyon at Buffalo.

Garth Ramsey of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town on Tuesday.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence was the guest of Olean friends over Sunday.

Miss Irma Wells is home for the Easter vacation from West Chester, Pa.

Editor Tom McClellan of Mt. Jewett was in town on business Tuesday.

Donovan Bell is spending his Easter vacation at his home in this place.

Miss Mayme O'Connell of Mt. Alton is the guest of Miss Mayte Connelly.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick returned Monday evening from a visit to Buffalo.

H. D. Otto of Farmers Valley was a pleasant caller at this office on Tuesday.

Walter A. Metcalf spent Easter in Rochester, N. Y., and returned on Monday.

Miss Frances Steinhauer of Farmers Valley visited Mrs. Anson Burdick this week.

George Campbell who is working in Olean, spent Sunday with his family in town.

John J. Roberts of Ceres, N. Y., was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday.

E. E. Andrews was over from Shinglehouse and passed Sunday with relatives in town.

Mrs. James Johnson and daughter, Ethel, of Kane are visiting relatives in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Gallup of Youngsville, Pa., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Burdick.

Miss Emma Hendrickson of Havana, Cuba, is the guest of relatives and friends in town.

A. R. Gory of Coryville was in town Wednesday on business and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Miss Ella Scowden of Bingham, Pa., was the guest of Miss Ella Cole of Farmers Valley over Sunday.

Fred Specht and Ralph Horzog are home from State College the guests of their respective parents.

Mrs. Clinton D. Comes, Christel and Ernest Comes spent Friday and Saturday in Salamanca, N. Y.

Mrs. J. V. McAlpin returned home Saturday from a month's visit with friends in Chemung, N. Y.

Mrs. Scott F. Redfield, infant son and nurse maid left Monday for a visit with her parents in Syracuse, N. Y.

Will Blake of Eldred was in town the forepart of this week, a guest of his sister, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster Smithdoine and children of Olean were visiting relatives and friends in town this week.

Mrs. T. H. Purtle returned home Friday from Bradford where she has been the guest of Mrs. Eugene Mullin.

Miss Rhea Wallace of Port Allegany returned to her home Tuesday after a short visit with Miss Rita Gorton.

S. W. Smith of Port Allegany was a Smethport visitor Tuesday and while in town was a pleasant caller at this office.

Elmer Raymer left yesterday for Galeton where he has accepted a position with the B. & S. railroad company.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Parish of Homer City, Pa., have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Newman and infant son of Syracuse are the guests of Mrs. Newman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

Miss Elizabeth Summersgill and Walter Digel of Farmers Valley are attending the C. E. Sunday School convention held at Bradford this week.

Dr. and Mrs. J. V. McAlpin departed to-day for Bradford and to-morrow the doctor goes to Rochester, N. Y., to attend a dental convention which is being held in that city.

Mrs. James A. McKean, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup, daughter, Marian, and Margaret Hubbard left Tuesday for Harrisburg, where they will be guests of Hon. James A. McKean for the rest of this week.

Mrs. A. N. Squires and Eugene Squires of Port Allegany, who have been spending the winter in Charleston, S. C., arrived in town Saturday and are the guests of their daughter and sister, Mrs. John B. Eastman.

Ormsby Readers, Attention.

Will the person who found the pair of glasses on the Kushequa train, about March 4th, please communicate with this office. 1t

Fence Posts for Sale.

Good second growth chestnut, 12 cts. each, delivered.

JAMES QUIRK.

WM. MONHEIMER.

READY

Suits, $12.00, $15.00 and $18.00.

Rain Coats, $9.50, $12.50 and $15.00.

WALK OVER SHOES, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00.

Hats, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50.

Dress Shirts, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

It is impossible to state all the fine points possessed by our new wearables—you must see and FEEL these goods to fully appreciate what the above offer really means. "Say I'll go first to

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

FURNISHINGS FOR MEN

This week we ask your attention to the Spring styles for men as shown in our Men's Furnishing Section. From fine dress shirts to the working shirt and overalls we aim to give noticably more in quality than most stores allow. We find it pays—one sale wins another.

"Monarch" Shirts

The name's familiar—do you know the quality it represents? We want you to wear a "Monarch" Shirt, one of the Coat styles. We will give you your money back if you're not thoroughly satisfied. $1.00 $1.50 $2.00

"Interwoven" Hose

This is a new sock with a guarantee. If they don't wear better than any other sock you ever had bring them back and get a new pair—that's all there is to it.

Black and Colors, 25c; half dozen, $1.38

"Arrow" Brand Collars

A collar that will stand more trips to the laundry than most higher priced collars. A shape for every occasion. 2 for 25c.

Neckwear

The Spring four in hands are somewhat narrower than the fall styles. A beautiful lot of silks well made up. 25c and 50c.

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

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One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

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is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

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The Boy and the Celebrity

By Fanny Medbury Pendleton.

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Every sojourner in the apartment house knew him as the boy. He had come to the city to wrest success from the hands of fate. His capital consisted, first, of dreams, of which he had an unlimited supply, and, second, of a small income, just sufficient to pay the rent of his two rooms and to keep him from a rough contact with the realities of life.

Although these stern realities were all about him, he regarded them from afar because he had never been forced to grapple with them.

Day after day he bent over the keys of his typewriter, transferring to paper a cloud of visions that were then hidden in long envelopes and took wing to the literary market, whence, too often they fluttered back.

Still he wrote on, and his dreams rose as a bulwark against the buffets of the world, and his cheerful face smiled at life.

Among the many other dwellers in the house was the little music teacher across the hall, who squeezed barely enough income from the world to keep together her slender body and her gentle soul.

Her face was young and sweet, but the struggle with life had set its work upon it, and she sometimes envied the boy his cheerful face, though she took herself to task most sternly for harboring such unworthy thoughts.

The boy thought little of his neighbor, although he always liked to listen in the evening when her sweet voice and the notes of her old piano floated across the hall.

This afternoon the boy's mind was busy with quite another person than the music teacher.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if she'll ever know them—if—as she did her—ever know from whom they came."

A wistful line deepened between his eyes.

"Of course she'll never know," he repeated, with a little sigh. "She must have any number of admirers."

He straightened his square shoulders as though to shake off an invisible burden.

"She is so beautiful and so successful. I wouldn't want her to know."

He wrapped his package carefully and sought the janitor, whom he requested to act in the capacity of messenger.

The man looked at the boy with amiable tolerance. Every one was amiable with the boy.

"Hello!" he called after him. "You haven't told me which lady on your ball."

The boy turned with flushed cheeks and shy eyes.

"Why," he said, "she"—He could not bring himself to speak her stage name. It jarred upon him, and he shrank from confessing that he did not know her real one. The amused eye of the janitor was upon him, and he threw up his head with sudden, unwonted dignity.

"Please take it to the beautiful singer," he said proudly.

That evening the boy, pictured the celebrity pressing her fair face in the fragrant violets. Would she wear them? He opened his door and walked down the long hall to the window at the end. His eyes were on the door of the celebrity's sitting room. Presently she would come out on her way to the theater.

She was most lovely in the big black velvet hat and lace veil, and without the veil, thought he, she must be lovelier far. His eyes were bright when her door opened and a woman looked out into the hall.

She wore a soiled kimono, her cheeks were lined and sallow, her hair was only half arranged, and in her hands she held a string of auburn puffs. The boy gazed at her with startled eyes. With a horrible sinking of the heart, he recognized the celebrity.

Gone were the rosy visions; gone was his golden haired ideal whom he had worshiped from afar as the personification of youth and beauty. The real woman was worn, and there was something in her face that checked the boy more than even her slatternly attire. The door closed, and he fled.

As he groped his way through the darkness of his sitting room he trod on the pages of his latest manuscript that had fallen to the floor, but he did not heed. Throwing himself into an armchair, he leaned against the table and buried his face in his arms.

For a long time he sat in the darkness. He thought of his violets now only with a feeling of self disgust.

Suddenly the soft strains of "Annie Laurie" fell on his ears, played and sung by the girl across the hall. He raised his face and listened. A sudden contrast rose before him—the hard features he had seen and the sweet, modest face of his little neighbor. He obeyed a sudden impulse that brought him to his feet and sent him across the hall. The door was ajar.

The strains of the old song had ceased, but the girl was still sitting before the piano, her face buried in the fragrance of a bowl of violets.

She raised a startled face at his knock, but at sight of the boy her face brightened. He looked at her in wonder—at the smooth coils of her soft brown hair—and marveled that the garish gold had ever seemed so fair.

"Oh," she said, "I have had such a lovely present!" And, lifting the violets, she took a long, luxurious sniff. "I don't know who sent them. Just, then, the janitor said they were for the sweet singer." And she laughed happily.

There was something in the boy's face that startled her.

"Oh," she cried, "did you—I believe you sent them!"

The boy laughed in a light hearted way that quite surprised him.

"I am glad you like them," he said. "They are like you somehow—the violets."

The girl's eyes filled with a sudden moisture, and she held out an impulsive little hand.

"Oh, you don't know," she said, "I was tired and lonely, and I love flowers. I feel so very helpless sometimes." She finished with a trembling laugh.

The boy stepped in where she sat and put a protecting hand on her shoulder.

"Little girl," he said softly, "you play all the old songs. Let us try together the one that says the first sweet violets of early spring."

And so the cry of the celebrity in private forth from her room, the latest song hit under her arm, fell the sweet strains of "Oh, Promise Me!"

Testing the Climate.

The summer climate of Alaska is often described as possessing a charm and fascination which cannot be described in words. Nevertheless in "Alaska, the Great Country," Ella Higginson tells of an old Klondiker who declared that one could "just taste Alaska climate."

"It tastes different every hundred miles," he declared, with that beam of the eye which means love of Alaska in the heart. "You begin to taste it in Grenville channel. It tasted different at Skagway, and there's a big change when you get to White Horse.

"I gollp! At White Horse you'll think you never tasted anything like it, but it don't hold a candle there to the way it tastes going down the Yukon.

"If you happen to get into the arctic circle, say, about 2 in the morning, you address yourself and like out on deck, and you can taste more'n climate. You can taste the arctic circle itself. Say, can you guess what it tastes like?"

I could not guess what the arctic circle tasted like and frankly confessed it.

"Well, say, it tastes like feteles made out of them little blue flowers you call voylets. I picked some out from under the snow once and et 'em. There was moisture froze all over 'em, so I know how they taste, and that's the way the arctic circle tastes.

"Just you remember when you get to the circle an' say straight goods. If Cyanide Bill ain't right."

Remarkable Reasons For Duels.

Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog, Colonel Ramsey in one about a servant, Mr. Feathers one in one about a recruit, Sterne's father in one about a goose, and another gentleman in one about a bottle of anchovies. One coffeer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to pass him a goblet. Another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff. General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at a dinner on a steamboat, although the general pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick, and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon shooters.

In 1777 a duel occurred in New York between Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh of the Seventy-fifth and Captain McPherson of the Forty-second British regiment in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the eating was from the cob and the other contending that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb fearfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. Major Noah lost his life in 1827 at the dueling ground at Hoboken in a simple dispute about what was trumps in a game of cards.—London Chronicle.

Getting Ready For Dry Territory.

"I am drinking four quarts of water a day."

"For your health?"

"No."

"Because you like it?"

"Not exactly. Just in training for my trip south."

SHE RAISED A STARTLED FACE AT HIS KNOCK.

His Game of Patience.

By Gertrude Delarcey.

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Old Captain Blunding had two absorbing passions in life—his love for cards and his love for his daughter Thais.

It was wonderful how many young men were willing to pass their evenings at the captain's house playing with him. He was a wary old opponent and all but invincible.

The young men came by twos and threes in their best tailor made suits, with posies in their buttonholes. Often they brought offerings to the captain's daughter.

Thais accepted the gifts and the too evident good will indifferently. Sometimes when a fourth hand was needed at whist she lent her aid. Otherwise she betook herself to the parlor and practiced as diligently as if there were not a man in the house.

Aunt Letty, Captain Blunding's widowed sister, kept house for him and mothered his otherwise motherless daughter. She was a gentle soul, large hearted and small minded, who made the best doughnuts in town. By the aid of her smiles and her cakes she encouraged eligible men to frequent the captain's house, hoping that some one of them would prove acceptable to Thais.

Thais' name had been given her because of an early fondness of her father for Greek literature. Thais, despite her name, did not learn towards scholastic achievement. She was a dainty, very beautiful to look at and very difficult to catch.

She had read a little poetry and very many romances. Where the heroines were all as fair as herself and the heroes proved their devotion by astounding deeds of valor. These men, who sat evening after evening with hirsute red and black mustaches between them, evidently lacked every heroic quality.

When a call by one these timid wooers laid his heart at her feet she promptly trampled upon it and ran him away spurning.

When after a few evenings he did not return the old captain would wonder sadly what kept him away. Sometimes he asked the victim and received a stammered excuse.

By the time the young man's place at the card table was filled the captain had ceased to remember him.

It was Sheldon King who brought Billy Smith to the house for the first time. Billy was a newcomer in Kenniston and wholly unexplored. He was a little fellow with hair of no particular shade of brown, a square, plain face and blue eyes behind glasses. He had no stories to tell, no jokes to raise a laugh, and he had never handled cards before in his life.

It took him the entire evening to learn to play pedro, but he applied his mind to it with a will, and when he went away the captain slapped him on the shoulder and told him he would make a player if he kept at it. The captain always said that to the defeated, who sometimes chewed their lips over it bitterly.

The captain conceived a great liking for Billy, and they spent many evenings together. By spring Billy had learned all the games the captain knew and could even beat him at some of them.

He came obviously for the captain's sake alone, for he brought no offerings to Thais. He had his own way to make and an invalid sister to maintain at an expensive sanitarium. This much he told the captain and was forever after silent about his affairs.

Sheldon King presently, having had his wings badly singed at the candle of Thais' indifference, ceased to be seen at the captain's card table. But Billy came unfailingly. The captain was delighted with him.

Here at last was a man who did not play to one's humor, who beat one unmercifully if he could or was beaten without showing the white feather.

The second winter Billy's sister died. He stayed away two months, and the captain openly fretted for him. Then one evening Billy appeared with a box of the captain's favorite cigars. The captain fairly wept for joy at sight of him and shook his hand twenty times.

He called Thais to see who had come. Thais came, startled by the clamor and a little disgusted when she found only Billy. She gave him a cool little hand and a cool little smile and a cool little phrase of welcome, then returned to the piano and Chaminade. She did not understand Billy, who brought cigars to her father instead of bonbons to her.

Two years went by. The circle about the captain's card table had changed many times and had dwindled to an occasional widower, silly Tom Pike and Billy. One by one the other young men had wounded their hearts and offered them good as new elsewhere.

The votive offerings that now came to Thais' shrine were far less frequent. Billy brought her nothing at all, but it was wonderful how many little things he found to present the captain with. He even gave Aunt Letty a beautiful crochet hook with a chased gold handle.

More years passed and more slowly for Thais. Chaminade had ceased to charm her, and she missed the excitement of past admiration. Mr. Sweet had gone away, and Tom Pike, in despair of winning Thais had married a woman easier to woo. There were no new lovers forthcoming, for Thais was now generally labeled dangerous. Moreover, she had ceased to be the beauty of the time.

She had reached a very trying period of her life, being too old to go in the young set, too young to go in the old set and prohibited by reason of her maidenhood from the married set.

Her dreams did not, as in the past, satisfy her. Her hero, the ideal of her imaginings, had not come. She believed now he never would come. She began to sigh when she looked in the glass. Sometimes she saw herself quite old, sitting at home pouring tea for Aunt Letty or that's dead with her father and having no interest in life beyond these two daily duties.

Thais' ideas of life were changing. She discovered that Billy Smith had a good forehead and mouth and that his hair looked better with gleams of gray in it.

Billy still came to the house as unfailingly as ever. He was almost the only single man who did come. Unconsciously almost she began to look forward to his visits, and he often found her shuffling cards against his arrival.

Billy had brightened wonderfully in those later years. He told stories and jokes and the amusing gossip of the town. He was earning a large salary and was much sought by mothers with marriageable daughters. But for some reason he continued to be free and to play cards at the captain's.

One evening he found Thais alone. She begged him rather shyly to stay, and he stayed. They sat down at the card table, and Billy dealt the pack for pedro. They played as for dear life, scarcely speaking. Then by means of a lucky ace Billy won.

He looked across at Thais, but her eyes were down. Something in her face, however, led him on again, and he caught her hands, which were absently occupied with the cards.

"Thais," he commanded. She looked at him.

"I win," he said triumphantly.

"Yes," she faltered.

"It has taken a long time," he said presently. "Thais, I have never given you a present. But I have one for you which I have carried with me constantly for several years. May I give it to you now?"

"Yes," Thais said meekly.

When he had put the ring upon her finger he raised her hand and kissed her.

"It has been a long game," he said, "and one that required lots of patience and determination. You see, dearest, I fell in love with you the first time I saw you and I made up my mind to have you. You willed. The only way I could make myself welcome here was to play cards. So I played. You'll never ask me to play cards with you after we are married, will you, dear?"

"Why not?" asked Thais wonderingly.

"Because I loathe them and have loathed them since the first game I ever learned."

"Oh, Billy!" Thais said.

And then and there she realized that the man of her heart was indeed, after all, a hero.

Baring Feet at Worship.

The Indian Hindoos and Mussulmans alike wear both sandals and shoes (slippers) and the latter boots also. The sandal (the word is Persian) was evidently the original covering for the feet over all southern and eastern Asia, while the shoe was probably introduced into India by the Persians, Afghans and Mongols, together with the "tip tilted" (Hittite and Etruscan) boot.

Both are usually made in India of leather, but never of pigskin, and, while the shoes are always colored red or yellow, the boots are generally brightly parti-colored, both among the upper classes being also richly embroidered in gold and silver and variegated silk thread and with bangles, bugles and seed pearls after the manner of the ancient Persian boots represented on Greek vases.

But, of however rare and costly elaboration, the invariable rule is to remove them after entering a private house just when stepping on to the mat or carpet on which the visitor takes his seat. They must be cast off the right foot or shoe first, before the worshiper enters a temple or mosque, and it is still regarded as an absolute profanation to attempt to enter either fully shod.—London Athenæum.

Keeps His Word.

A traveling man stopped at a little town in Arkansas, and while there he made inquiries of the postmaster as to the integrity and honesty of a certain doctor who lived in the next county.

"What sort of a man is Dr. Briggs?" he queried. "Is he a man that can be trusted—a good doctor?"

"Well," answered the postmaster thoughtfully, "that depends. He's been doctorin' 'round here for some years now—ain't doin' much lately though. Seems he was sent for to go to see ol' Mis' Henderson, what's been dyin' for nobs' on thirty year. Ol' lady had the neu-ralgy pretty bad. Doc he gives her a dose o' laud'num, an' he says, 'Mis' Henderson, you'll go to sleep now, an' you won't be bothered with the neu-ralgy no mo'.'

"She went to sleep; that was last May,—an' it's still 'o'rds fall now. She ain't waked up yet, an' she ain't never been bothered with the neu-ralgy either. As a doctor I guess Briggs ain't much, but he always keeps his word, sir—always."

Even So.

First Hunter—That breechloader of yours is a good gun, but the sights are very bad.

Second Hunter—Yes, that's right. In other words, it is more honored in the breech than in the observance.—Chicago News.

EARTHQUAKES OF OLD

Strange Ideas of the Ancients as to Their Causes.

WARNING SIGNS OF SHOCKS.

Pliny Says They Were Shown In the Air, Clouds and Water and by Animals—The Two Mountains That Crashed Together and Then Receded.

If we search history to find to what causes the ancients attributed earthquakes we find that the Babylonians believed that all occurrences of the kind were due to the influence of the stars, especially of the three to which they ascribed thunder—namely, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars. The seers of the day believed that these disturbances were caused by the stars moving with the sun or being in conjunction with it, more particularly when the stars were in the quartile aspect.

Pliny chronicles the report concerning one Anaximander, a Milesian, who warned the Lacedæmonians to beware of their city and houses. And legend has it that the city was soon afterward destroyed.

Pliny, who wrote his natural history in A. D. 77, conceived that earthquakes were caused by the winds, as "the earth never trembles except when the sea is quite calm and when the heavens are so tranquil that the birds cannot maintain their flight, all the air which should support them being withdrawn. Nor does it ever happen until after great winds, the gust lifting part up, as it were, in the fissures and so creating hollows."

Many scientists have observed that all great convulsions of nature are likely to be preceded by stillness; also that birds and animals generally exhibit certain presentiments of the event, from which the wise men of ancient days noted and accounted for in their different ways.

Pliny says: "When our earthquakes come there is often found without any motion. While there is motion it is restrained and vibratory. The clefts of the earth sometimes remain, disgorging what has been swallowed up. Sometimes it is the ground being closed and the soil it might overlie, the city before it were engulfed deserted. Certain districts are naught especially subject to shocks. Nor are the mutinous districts exempt. I have found the Alps and the Apennines frequently shaken by them. The shocks happen more frequently in the autumn and the spring. They also happen more frequently in the night than in the day. The greatest shocks are in the morning and the evening, but they often take place at daybreak. They also take place during eclipses of the moon, because at that time storms are lulled. They are most frequent when great heat succeeds to showers or showers succeed to great heat."

Pliny further says: "There is no doubt that earthquakes are felt by persons on shipboard. There are many signs for the mariner beforehand, however. The timbers of the vessel creak. The birds that settle on the vessel are not without their alarms. There is also a sign in the heavens, for when a shock is near at hand, either in the daytime or a little after sunset, a cloud is stretched out in the clear sky like a long, thin line. The water in wells is more turbid than usual, and it emits a disagreeable odor."

In describing the various kinds of shocks and expanding on his investigations on the subject Pliny remarks that "arched buildings are the safest; also the angles of walls and walls made of bricks suffer least. The earth movement that resembles the rolling of waves is the most dangerous, or when the motion is impelled in one direction. The tremors cease when the vapors have burst forth, but if there be no escape of vapor of any kind then the tremors may continue for forty days. They have been known to continue for two years."

The historian records the greatest "prodigy of the earth" as having occurred in the district of Mutina during the consulship of Lucius Marcius and Sextus Julius, when "two mountains rushed together, falling upon each other with a very loud crash and then receding, while in the daytime smoke and vapor issued from them." Pliny says the wonder was witnessed by "a great crowd of Roman knights and travelers along the Aemilian way."

The same writer says: "The greatest earthquake which occurred in our memory was in the reign of Tiberius, by which twelve cities of Asia were laid prostrate in one night. During the Punic war we had accounts of fifty-seven earthquakes in one year. Nor is it an evil merely consisting in the danger which is produced by the motion; it is an equal or greater evil when it is considered as a prodigy. The city of Rome never experienced a shock that was not the forerunner of some great calamity."

Pliny, of course, takes a good many of his accounts from Aristotle, but his references to events are confirmed by other writers. Herodotus describes a great disturbance in his day, when "the sea came beyond Memphis, as far as the mountains of Ethiopia, and also from the plains of Arabia. The sea also surrounded Ilium and the whole of Teuthrania and covered the plain through which the Meander flows." Pliny makes actual mention of one of the Aeolian islands having "emerged from the sea." It was a matter of common belief among the scientists of Pliny's day that Sicily was torn from Italy by such a disturbance.—New York World.

He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.—German Proverb

Miner Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant-Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheats.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Hilton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Plunkettsburg.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Auburn.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Miss B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; D. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devitt, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Lory, Coryville.
Coroner—K. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. P. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Buckley, O. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sasse.
Justice—R. L. Gleason.
Constable—U. B. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Medlen, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Clark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Robin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McGlure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANFORD L. [illegible], Wor.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE HAMNER, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. CRESS ELLIS, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellow's Hall.
H. F. WORTHY, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon in I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRUSHY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PATRICK, Sec'y.

A. O. U. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Thursday evening at 10 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. SWARTWOOD, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

A. O. U. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
VIOLA ABBEY, Com.
REBECCA EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.
MRS. E. A. BARTLETT, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHARDS, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 35, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EMERSON-BEN, Secretary.

Ulonian Chapter, No. 18, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. D. E. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
Ex. Incognito.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—T. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday, and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

First Baptist Church.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon, in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 3 o'clock. All are invited.

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"D'YE—THINK—I'M—TRYING—TO—THROW—THIS—RACE?"

Tiberius Smith

HE ENTERTAINS CHIEF FEENEY SCRAWS

By HUGH PENDEXTER

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"Tib and I had mapped out a little scamper over Europe, I wagering a Broadway supper I could take him to some spot on the continent he was not familiar with. If allowed to make the experiment, I reckon I would have lost, as I'd picked out a cozy corner in that cafe which I subsequently learned he had once summered in. But when we reached Bombay we were *held* by orders from the malu-spring jacking that we undertake a little African tour, coinciding with leopards in it. This was old work for Tib and me, and although all our plans for dodging the confidence in Europe were squelched, he displayed no disappointment as he prepared for the sail across the Sea of Arabia to the hunched-up shoulder of Africa, where we shifted to a south-bound boat.

"Once arrived, Tib promptly obtained permission to *not* anything on four legs in the Congo State, we paying a handsome premium on all victims shipped. He also took out licenses in Uganda Protectorate and for the East Africa Protectorate. You'd suppose those stamping-grounds would sulfice to fill all the menageries under canvas, yet Tib began to lose all interest in them when we drew near to the Uganda border and he heard of Lake Bango country, which is encompassed by the big Magit marsh. That region is under no protectorate, and although the inhabitants were said to be replete with disagreeable sentiments towards strangers, the old chap was crazy to visit it. The fact it was forbidden ground to the blond race only conjured up in his mind all sorts of eccentric quadrupedal possibilities; and when our head man shivered in the brazen sunlight and said Feeney Scraws existed solely to kidnap foolish transients, and added that fugitives from that realm had related fearsome nursery tales about man-eating white leopards, I knew the dice were juggled for our going to the Bango.

"An anxious inquiry on my part drew forth the information that Mr. Scraws was probably the most accomplished assassin in all Africa. He was so cruel he ought to have been a dentist. He was a native chief, the head man chattered, a professor of unpleasant practices.

"Thus with a very slim entourage we drew near Mr. Scraws' boma, as the native village is called, and began hunting the fever-laden marsh for white leopards.

"Now that I am out of that business, I'll explain that much of our success in trapping the untamed people of the tanglewood was due to a powerful ammonia pistol, much like those used to-day by cyclists in hesitating ugly dogs. Tib had improved the article as ordinarily made until it would shoot 15 charges of the strongest kind of dope, and our employer often utilized it in quieting caged animals in place of the crude hot iron. One slug of that stuff, as prepared by Tib, would send the average striped cat or lion off to slumberland for several minutes, and the patient on awaking was usually very docile.

"Well, we made the east shore of Lake Bango, undisturbed, and as the hunting was as thin as an almshouse stew we picked up some native boats and crossed to the west side.

"He studied the approaching shore steadily for a few minutes and then observed: 'Too late, my child. I think our host awaits us; the trees are alive. To retreat now would mean a swarm of them upon us; for they have a few bark ferries on the beach, I note. Brace up and try to infuse a little self-respect into our simple followers, as I fear they have forgotten their ancestral pride and will do us scant credit.'

"There he is, Billy—the man with the face like an inflamed nightmare. Jovial, whole-souled-looking chap, eh?' and he nodded his head carelessly toward him we both knew to be Chief Feeney Scraws.

"'Don't make a move, Billy,' warned Tib in a low voice, as with his free hand he reached in his pocket and produced his last cigarette and lighted it.

"The moral effect of this little act was swift. The chief slid his feet for the moment, sir. He lowered his weapon with a grunt of chagrin, or wonder, and released my patron. It was lucky this, as I was unarmed, all our guns, except our ammonia pistols, being in the boat. And I reckon if I had shot Feeney, Tib and I soon would have overtaken him in the spirit land; for the mob was unusually demonstrative.

"'Keep near me and walk slow,' cautioned Tib. 'And show of fear means the emergency ward.' Then he mopped his brow and motioned for the chief to lead us to some shade. It was coolly done, and some lone corpuscle of our host's tainted blood began to admire the old fellow's nerve, as was evinced by the swift gleam of his green eyes. It was fleeting, but we both caught it, and Tib murmured over his resolute shoulder: 'We've got him puzzled a bit. Wouldn't he make an elegant wild boy! I'd almost prefer him in a cage to a white leopard.'

"'I'll chasten his proud spirit,' grinned Tib. 'Any millinery display of white feathers will mean an immediate climb.' Trend on his heels a bit.'

"This command seemed to me to lend itself to funereal enticements, but I obeyed, and would have been brained instanter if Tib had not stepped in between and in the traders' lingo called a halt. Although the chief stayed his hatchet arm he jumped enthusiastically up and down several times in an ecstasy of pique and knocked one of his body-guard senseless with the flat of his ax. The fellow would have received the edge, only the blade caught in an overhanging creeper. Tib smiled in approbation, and to further show his approval gave the prostrate warrior a hearty kick.

"But Mr. Scraws did not possess a reputation for being thoughtfully and exquisitely cruel for nothing, and after a short session of storm signals his merry face was distorted into a smile and he clapped us both on the shoulder amiably and indulged in spasmodic cluckings.

"'You've done the trick,' I remarked admiringly. But the face Tib turned on me was puckered with apprehension.

"'I fear you are in error, my child,' he protested. 'When Brother Feeney laughs way down in his stomach there's something stirring for the spectators. We had him dubious at first; now he has decided just what he's going to do and it tickles him.' And, I guess, what agitates his risibles wouldn't take any prize in a Vermont parlor entertainment.'

"'And hang me, sir, if Feeney's men weren't all of a shake! The squaws, too, who ran up to meet us, no sooner saw their master enjoying his little joke than they began tearing their hair and scuttling for cover. Feeney, choking with mirth, called a warrior to approach. This man rolled his eyes in despair and gave a tree a farewell rap with his head before obeying. His legs wabbled as he dragged himself forward and kneeled. His boss tapped him coyly on the pate with the ax-handle. It seemed to me the chief ruffled the address longer than was necessary and was loath to desist. But with a sigh he finally lowered his comforter and the sweat rolled from the crouching figure's limbs.

"'Why look at the black imp's eyes!' murmured Tib.

"And Feeney's eyes were blood red.

"'Not what you'd call amiability,' I suggested, with a shudder.

"'Certainly not the innocent jollity of childhood,' groaned Tib.

"At this point the chief gave the warrior some command, and as if relieved from death the subject sprang to his feet and motioned us to follow him. The chief, still decorated with his hideous smile, nodded for us to obey, and as we were led to a hut in the middle of the glade he kept us company and bowed us within with much mock humility.

"'Too intensely polite,' snorted Tib, once we were alone and the opening filled up by the backs of two giant guards. Then he added, thoughtfully, 'But my ancestors weren't Green Mountain boys just for notoriety's sake, and he'd have a run for his money if I had a gun.'

"'They are busy about something,' I remarked as the sound of falling timbers and the guttural cries of the men beat against the hide sides of our prison.

"'I guess it is something elaborate,' admitted Tib, trying to peer through the opening; whereat the guards pushed him back.

"And as if I didn't have enough to fret over, Tib began to go light-headed from a taste of the swamp fever, and talk rapidly in a heetle-flush kind of a voice. 'We don't know what it is, but you can anticipate it is very complete and finished as to detail,' he mumbled, as the sound of the laborers grew scant in the coming gray of the morning. Then, 'Good-by, My Sweet,' he began to babble in his clear, seventy-story tenor as our guards silently rose and left us.

"'I say, old chap, don't,' I begged. 'It's almost sacrilegious.'

"'You silly jade,' he quizzed, the red spots on his plump cheeks now glowing as if stamped with a stencil. 'Great Scott!' next he muttered, while I sat with despairing head ensconced in my hands. 'I guess my child, I've a touch of the fever, flum! and now I've got 'em. Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in. One hour in the big animal tent before the first act in the triple sawdust arena. This is Gooseberry, the man-eating lion. See him—'

"'Oh, quit,' I cried. 'Can't you see you're going daffy with swamp suggestions?' For my little scenes with the over-heat and shivers of the disease had left me peevish.

"'Just as you say, my child,' he replied, calmly. Maybe old Tib is cross-eyed mentally, but hang me if he doesn't look like a lion. A figment of the—'

"'And great Scott, sir!' I turned, and if there wasn't the bulky, bo-frizzled head of a big male leo in the narrow aperture of the tent!

"'Tib!' I shrieked. 'It's real!'

"'And as that my patron pealed forth one resonant roar that caused the massive beast to spurt and spring back. 'Where's the keeper?' he cried again going a bit flighty. 'The idea of letting him out to scare women and—I forget, it's real.' Then he put to rout his imagination for a moment and swayed to the opening and scowled as he fixed his attention on the present. 'We stand about as much of a chance as an old-fashioned safe in the hands of a gang of yeggmen,' he mumbled.

"The timid peep I stole over his shoulder, reinforced by the rising sun, revealed for the first time what those captains of industry had been doing. During the night they had inclosed us and our villa in a palisade of young trees and slabs of bark; while at the other end of the corral the tawny form of our recent visitor paced nervously back and forth with slow, gliding step.

"'We're the newer, better breakfast food,' explained Tib, as he tried to wipe the nightmare from his eyes.

He Jumped Enthusiastically Up and Down.

Then he gazed on me cunningly and demanded: 'Don't play it too strong on the old man, Billy. I feel doped; but is that—or is it not—'

"'It is,' I gasped. 'For my sake come out of it. It's real.'

"'Enough to scare a scarlatina germ into being sterilized?' he lisped. 'And, oh, for the touch of a Maxim gun and the sound—'

"'We've only our pocketknives,' I reminded, going so limber I had to clutch his hysterical shoulder for support.

"'Shut up!' he roared. 'We have the ammonia guns. Quick! See if they are loaded!' Then, more slowly, 'If that bee would keep out of my head I'd teach 'em that the spirit of Spartacus still loafs about in old New England.'

"'Please be sane,' I begged; my head going cool again. 'A lion is all I can stand. My gun's loaded.' And my heart gave a mighty thump as I yanked it forth and found its bulb filled to the limit with Tib's ex-special brand of dope.

"As he produced his pistol the fever returned, and he patted the barrel waggishly, and then mumbled, 'I only hope the lion that eats me won't ever fight or have any quarrels with your lion.'

"'There's only one,' I remonstrated, slapping his shoulder.

"'Very well,' the old chap assented, apologetically, 'if he comes one at a time he can never get through the door.'

"It was a mighty tough combination, you'll admit, sir—the lion and Tib's erratic delirium. It was more trouble than an unmarried man ought to inherit. 'Only one, remember,' I begged.

"'Just as you say, Billy, but I can see two,' he insisted, mildly. 'One's coming towards us; t'other ain't. Which shall we shoot at?'

"'And bless you, sir, there were two lions. I thought at first I'd caught his hallucinations and half expected to see a pink giraffe crawling up my shirt-sleeve. But it was real. The audience, to enliven the scene, had let loose another tease in the pen.

"'One at a time and a huge surprise for each,' cheered Tib, swerving on his pins a bit.

"But even this shadowy chance was eliminated, for as he spoke our hut vanished. The rascals had fastened a line to the top and had yanked the meager shelter over the barrier. There we were in the open, with a fringe of black faces mocking us over the fence.

"Tib stood with his mouth ajar in astonishment. Then he drew me aside reproachfully, and whispered: 'Don't try to humor me. Tell me the truth. Did that really happen, or was it a delusion?'

"'All real,' I howled, clutching his arm.

"'I always like to know,' he explained, gravely. Then he cried: 'In the name of the continental congress—Don't shoot too quick!'

"For the big, eight-foot male, accompanied by a four-foot tail, was creeping towards us on his belly, while his head stood and watched the proceedings with morbid curiosity, and as calmly as if it were a mail-order business.

"We separated about ten feet and crouched ready to spring aside and as the ammonia reposed, very bold in the palm of the hand, Feeney, shedding tears of unrestrained joy, had no inhibition we possessed the masked batteries.

"'Be sane,' I again implored, but Tib, kneeling with both hands steadying his gun, cast me a whimsical smile and fluttered his head as if amused. And the red spots on his cheeks didn't look good a bit.

"The king of the wild wood, probably empty of stomach and hungry enough to eat a whole tribe of white men, now began knitting his claws and agitating his tail for a record-breaking jump. He put his head close to the ground when giving his clawery, and this caused it to rumble and reverberate intensely.

"'Take him,' cried Tib, and with a numb heart I squirted a charge of the soothing syrup and noted it ruffle his breast.

"And although it did not hit him fair, it pestered him and weakened him, and he struck between us and whirled undecidedly in a circle. Then Tib staggered forward and idiotically made a grab for his highness with his left hand, while with his right he tried to send home a settler.

"'Oh, will kah!' bellowed the jaguplare, never having seen a lion so misused before.

"And their eight-footer, seemingly oblivious of Tib, began humping himself in a narrow circle, with me at the center. If Tib let go and fell I knew the beast would make the circuit and be upon him before he could get out of the way. For his every jump possessed all of the hilarious energy of a fast-freight train.

"'Oh, wagh!' yelled the spectators, as the dizzy pair sped by the second quarter, with the favorite about to break.

"'Hang on and sprint faster,' I encouraged, dasying wildly in my hysteria.

"'D'ye — think — I'm — trying — to — throw — this — race?' retorted Tib, in jerks, over his shoulder, as his heels cuffed only the elevations and his fat form snapped playfully into a horizontal position.

"Then from down the lists came a roar that re-echoed even above the hooting of the mob, and I turned to see the other cat, a female, smaller and maneless, bounding up the aisle. This nerved me to jump onto the race-track and send two shots full into the mouth of Tib's steed, and as the mischief-maker rolled over and sighed sleepily my old patron was flung at my feet.

"Number two didn't pause to indulge in any funny stunts. Disregarding all frills and fancy crouches, she gave one more bellow, and with her four legs flung wide, and the sun's rays turning her yellowish flanks to old gold, sprang for Tib. The old chap, although panting heavily, calmly planked her twice in mid-air and had a third prescription ready when she landed. And as the sleep-germs began to work, the spectators were simply swept off their feet, sir, to see their ill-advised lady man-killer trip a morris on her hind legs, spar at the atmosphere and then come down with a crash.

"My head was swimming dizzily, but I gave a cheer of defiance and, standing with one foot on the prostrate monarch, viewed with pardonable pride the paralyzed assemblage, while Tib copied my pose on No. 1.

"'Habet! habet!' cried Tib, grabbing me by the hand and leading me gracefully forward in front of Feeney's opera box as if I were the leading lady, and we both bowed easily, with a bright sparkle in our fickle, fever-lighted eyes; and Tib bowed even more deeply with all his old-time curtain grace, as Feeney, in pure resentment, tried to bite his ax.

"Then the galleries began to cheer, realizing we were the best pass ever torn from a materia medica. I reckon at that moment we completely filled in the foreground, middle distance and background of all their joss dreams, and if it hadn't been for Mr. Scraws they'd have made us a present of all Africa. You see, we'd done it so quiet. No noise, no rudeness, just an inclination on our part, and their biggest champions were put to bed. We were little tin gods in their eyes, and their yelping now took on more of awe than venom. But Feeney didn't appreciate our growing popularity and foamed at the mouth. Then he barked an order.

"We were still scraping a modest hoof in mild deprecation of the encore when the squaws began bobbing their heads violently and I was inquisitive enough to shyly turn and look over my shoulder.

"'Attention!' I cried, and Tib wheeled just in time to see our host's orders had resulted in another rude cage being unloaded through an opening in the paling, and two more beasts entered.

"These started toward us on a canter, and to my horror I observed Tib was frittering away the precious seconds in gallantly kissing his moist digits to a bevy of frenzied valentines, presumably the wives of the chief.

"'For my sake!' I had just time to invoke, when the lion in the lead turned at an acute angle and got very close before I could pull the trigger.

He Lost Interest in Things.

I overshot. But Tib, ignoring his annoyer and after foolishly chanting some lines about 'Lions to right of 'em, lions to left of 'em,' pivoted and raked my villain by a neat sinapshot. And the next thing I knew I was sailing high enough through space to peep over the top of the inclosure. It seems I was just one jump too slow in ducking, and the brute managed to collect the back of my shirt in passing.

"My return to earth jolted the breath from my lungs, and I had to recline and watch Tib face his fate alone. I knew he must have ducked when enfilading my footpad, and by the way the survivor was performing I realized his second shot had not been wasted. The snuff-colored dream vaguely brushed his ample paws against his muzzle and gave one the impression of being intoxicated. Yet true to his original design, he gravely sauntered towards Tib and made a clumsy leap, but two quick shots full in the yellow eyes announced his exit, and after I'd calmed my feet we both sank down wearily on his muscular flank.

"Well, sir, I reckon Central Africa never saw such a perfectly astounded set of natives as Mr. Feeney Scraws and his little ones. There were four of their king pins quiescent and we lolling lazily on the hinges. We had laid them to rest as easily as a laughter-loving chauffeur runs down a crippled beggar with a 60-horse power smoke-wagon. Naturally it made the crowd nervous, and the yowls they let out would have frightened a pumping station into hysterics.

"'Will the lions show fight when they revive?' I panted.

"'Will Feeney ring in actors until we've used up all the dope?' Tib asked, thoughtfully, in return, mechanically giving our cushion another desuetude drop. 'This anger-killer won't last forever,' he added, moodily. Then the swamp-light stole into his eyes again, and I knew some quaint conceit was addling his brain.

"'All down, Feeney,' he cried, cheerily, dancing towards the paling. 'Set 'em up in the other alley.'

"I pulled him back and tried to quiet him, while the aborigines yelped as if afraid of the round, laughing man who hushed lions to sleep. The black hands no longer were shaken at us in derision, but instead were pointed in hesitation, and by the gesticulations and rolling eyes I knew the people were petitioning the chief to hold up his thumb.

"'I'd like a nice, cool drink from old Champlain,' rambled Tib, playing carelessly with his lion's whiskers. 'Old Vermont! Recall those lines—I remember, I remember the house where I was born? I can't, but I could if there had been lions in it.'

"'He's about to play another card,' I warned, giving the nearest lion another shot.

"'We've four lions now,' ruminated Tib, proudly. 'Say, Billy, did you ever try to do a sum in lions? Now, in adding three columns of lions, when you have two to carry—'

"'They are opening the barrier again,' I groaned, giving my patron up as a hopeless slave to purple pipe-dreams.

"Tib reeled to his feet and, tore open his shirt and peered under a shaky hand down the line.

"'More lions,' he said, simply.

"'White leopards! Two of 'em!' I corrected.

"'Hurrah!' he shouted, and I believed him thoroughly crazy again. 'They looked leopards to me,' he cried, 'but I thought I must be fuzzy again. So I said lions. But white leopards!'

"And he waltzed me around joyfully. 'We must have 'em. Isn't this luck?'

"'Awfully good luck,' I despaired, for I know a leopard was as formidable as a lion or tiger and harder to dodge.

"And the brunettes along the fence evidently were now determined to stick to their gods through one more whirl and, forgetting their recent fears, began to shout exuberantly. It sounded like a Russian college yell, and Tib tossed back a little circus talk and dragged me in between the two sleeping pups nearest the center of the arena.

"The big cats, white with dark polka-dots, about five feet in length and with abnormally long tails, now saw us, and after a few preliminary snarls began circling the palisades, desirous of pouncing upon us from behind, true to their feline idea of propriety. I wanted to get my back against the stockade, but Tib, with less strabismus in his intellect, restrained me. We'd seen enough of leopards to realize these beauties had been kept in a cage and were used to men, and we believed they had been starved for just some such purpose as this. Yet it was evident they weren't anxious to come too near our breastworks. Then an old lady, probably with a local reputation as a witch-doctor, rose behind her boss and flung her skinny arms aloft and bestowed a few imprecations upon us. The cats began to get bold. The crowd believed it was due to the spell cast by the lady. Anyway, as we were like a hot hand-out to a famished orphan on Christmas eve, the evil brace were game to try and get us.

"The audience went wild when the twin spitted ones left the barriers and dragged themselves towards us, inch by inch, as if the proceedings were very secret. It was like betting money on the home nine when the umpire is your friend and lives in your village. And to add to the festivities the lions began to wriggle and act uneasy. We realized they were about to awaken.

"'A yah, jail!' shrieked the Romans.

"'Give 'em another mulliher,' I cried in Tib's ear, indicating the quartet of sleepers.

"'Except this biggest one,' he telephoned back. 'I may need him awake.'

"And friend Feeney, hollering it was the last act, threw back his head and laughed in low gurgles. His blood-curdling jollity seemed to jerk the head rabbly into radical action, and a streak of white marked her spring.

"'Missed!' I yelled.

"'Rotten!' cried Tib, as he also scored a zero, and the target lighted off our uneasy parapet.

"Then the breastworks came to life.

"'And say, sir, if the dope had quieted old Nero so far as we were concerned, it didn't preclude his having a little argument with pussy. Screeching and rending they rolled over and over, while the other cat looked on in amazement.

"'Nail her!' directed Tib.

"'And plug! I did, at a distance of 20 feet. She whacked her paws against her nose in vain, for the aroma would not down, and while thus engaged Tib ran in and gave her her conge.

"Then we turned to watch the duel, just in time to see the cart-wheel of beasts strike the barriers fairly opposite the chief's lookout.

"There was a crash, and the whirling, furry forms bounded out into the audience.

"As the orchestra circle emptied in flight Feeney, Indian with rage, raised his ax to hurt at me, who was nearest. But Tib did a little rainbow stunt with his gun, and as the gentle shower fell on Feeney's nose he lost interest in things, ditto his balance, and toppled over and down onto the fighting animals. The leopard promptly resented his intrusion with a tap of her paw, and the lion also found time to bestow a hearty cuff.

"As the two rolled away in the forest we enjoyed a good scrutiny of the now quiet ruler. It didn't need a medico-legal expert to diagnose he had cast his last vote.

"'Somehow, I like him best this way,' murmured Tib, pensively.

"By this time the natives had all fled, evidently satisfied we were fairies with evil intentions.

"One old hag, even in her fright, could not resist the temptation to turn in her course and hurl a nervous spear at her prostrate master.

"This simple act of courtesy cheered me wonderfully, as I didn't believe the gang would feel much hurt because Scraws had made his exit. We were not taking any chances, however, by loitering. We found our boys snugly yoked together ready for a slave jaunt north, and with their aid managed to sling the still insensible pussy on a pole. We left the lions, and with only the cat to show for our pains we recrossed the Bango and picked up our reserve force.

"Since then I see the Bango district has passed under the control of the Uganda protectorate.

"So, I reckon, our little act in the arena was productive of some good outside of furnishing this country an opportunity to inspect at popular prices the only prize white leopard in captivity.

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A Thread In the Woof.

By WALLACE SNOW.

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Pietro Vincenzo Riga was discouraged. It had been a bad day, in fact it had been a bad month. Generally when he and Gambletta took to the road and traveled through this section the nickels and dimes and quarters fell into Pietro's old felt hat in a most alluring stream.

But this year the weather had been for the most part rainy, and somehow Gambletta seemingly had lost his knack of coaxing coins from stubborn pockets.

What few pleasant days there had been had proved far from profitable for the dimes and nickels and quarters were conspicuous by their absence, and Pietro and Gambletta must both eat, fair weather or dull.

In vain did they plod the dusty highways; in vain whenever they could find a possible audience did Gambletta do his cumbersome tricks.

Waltz, turn somersaults, die, go lame, wrestle with Pietro as he would, but a few scattered pennies had lodged in the old felt hat. Bankruptcy, grim and ghastly, stared them in the face.

Moreover, Gambletta was growing painfully thin, even as if he had but recently come from one of his long naps of hibernation, and Pietro was beginning to learn all too frequently that a handful of berries gathered from the roadside made a most unsatisfactory repast.

They plodded up the long hill slope, the man shuffling along with his shoulders stooped and his head bent and the bear following along at the end of his chain, his head rolling from side to side and his scuffling feet sending up choking clouds of dust that set him to wheezing and coughing in miserable fashion.

They were nearing the top of the hill when a wagon with a portly, well fed man on the seat drew up beside them. The well fed man glared at them in undisguised contempt.

"Hey, you dago," he called, "what yer doin' with that bear here on the highway? Don't you know there's a regulation against it in this town? Scares hosses, it does! Take him through the woods or the fields, but keep off the roads—you hear?"

Pietro pulled off the old felt hat and bowed respectfully. Then as best he could in broken English, plentifully interspersed with Etruscan dialect, he tried to make it plain that neither he nor Gambletta, would willingly or knowingly transgress the law. But the man in the wagon understood no word of the servile harangue.

"None of your lip, now," he interrupted irritably, at the same time pulling open his coat to display a tin star. "I'm a deputy sheriff, I am. You and that bear keep off the roads or I'll run you both in. See?"

He waved his arm meaningly toward a little wooded path that led from the highway to the left and sat in his wagon watching the sorry pair until they had turned into it and were lost to view in its shady depths.

Beneath a giant oak tree that stood beside the little path Pietro sat down miserably, his head in his hands and a great despair in his tired eyes.

Gambletta collapsed beside him, rolled about luxuriously for a moment, then turned on his side and went calmly to sleep.

Pietro sat there for a time, a prey to his bitter musing. Then he, too, stretched himself beside Gambletta's rusty brown bulk and fell into troubled slumber.

Now, it happened that the path—a winding wood road—which the two had chosen, or, rather, which the well fed man had chosen for them, as a retreat led to a cascade, where a little stream fell over a series of granite ledges.

It was one of the beauty spots of the vicinity, a place much frequented by the summer people who came to the little town.

Even as Pietro and Gambletta slept in the shadows of the oak a smart trap came slowly down the winding road from the cascade.

In the trap were a stern faced young man and an unsmiling young woman. And it took no very great intellect to see that everything was not entirely pleasant between them.

Indeed, they had fallen into silence—that bitter silence which is harder to endure than threats or recriminations or open censure. For some time they drove along, the beauties of the shaded wood road lost to their eyes.

The man finally broke the silence. "Perhaps it would be better if I got out and walked," he suggested grimly.

"Perhaps it would," said the girl, and, reining in the horse, she watched him climb down from the trap, after which she flicked the colt with the whip, and the trap sped down the road.

The man stuffed his hands into his pockets, grunted something inarticulate and strode on in her wake. He was a pleasant looking young man. The frown that furrowed his forehead seemed sadly out of place.

But there was something about the mouth which said he had a will of his own and somewhat more than his share of stubborn pride.

Presently, by way of soothing his overwrought nerves, he pulled from his pocket a well worn brier pipe and began to fill it from his tobacco pouch.

But scarcely was the task completed when from ahead there arose a sudden commotion, a cracking of underbrush, a jabbering of Etruscan dialect, a half smothered feminine scream, sounded through the stillness.

The young man pricked up his ears, and as the scream sounded once more he dropped the pipe and tore down the path at a pace that had won him records on the cinder path.

Around a bend in the path he sped, and there before him he saw a frantically plunging horse, an Etruscan wringing his hand and jabbering helplessly, while a badly frightened bear crawled through the underbrush with many whoofs of genuine alarm.

The young man jumped for the bit, caught it and clung on desperately. The horse, thoroughly frightened, snorted and plunged and acted generally like a beast bereft of his senses.

With all his strength he strove to free himself from the young man's grasp, but that stubborn will was equal to the emergency. Men with mouths like the young man's don't let go once they have gained a hold.

For several minutes it was a battle royal for the mastery; then the young man's strength and agility and spirit prevailed.

The horse, quivering and panting, came down on all fours and stood there, shaking like a leaf.

"You had best get out for a moment or two," the young man advised, and the girl meekly obeyed.

Then she saw his torn coat and blood on his wrist where the prongs of the bit had torn the flesh.

"Tom," she cried, quite forgetting the recent unpleasantness—"Tom, dear, are you hurt? There's blood on your hand, and you're all mussed up."

He smiled reassuringly. "Not in the least, dearie," said he. Then he looked steadily into her eyes. "But I'd be glad to be it—if"—

"If what?" she asked rather breathlessly.

"If I could make you understand what an ass I feel myself to be and how sorry I am I quarreled with you."

The young woman had her share of common sense. "Well, I rather think we can forgive each other without anything so unnecessary as that," said she, "it was my fault anyway."

"I rather think it was mine," he declared.

At that moment Pietro Vincenzo Riga, overcome with premonitory fears, approached, nearly touching the ground with his forehead, so low were his bows. His gestures were rapid and expressive, his face a picture of woe.

"Not-a my fault! Not-a my fault!" he repeated over and over, his palms upturned in deprecation.

The young man turned. "Your fault!" he laughed. "Not a bit of it, my friend. In fact, it's the most fortunate circumstance in the world that you happened along just as you did. Here!" And into the astounded Etruscan's hand he thrust a crisp ten dollar bill.

Pietro stood staring at it stupidly, scarce daring to believe his good fortune, while the young man helped the girl back to the trap.

It was only when the trap started on that Pietro realized he was taking something and giving nothing in return.

"Wait!" he cried, diving into the bushes for the recreant Gambletta. "Wait! Make-a da bear dancea, da waltz!"

"Oh, that's all right," the young man laughed. "You've earned the money!"

The trap whisked down the path. Pietro hauled the bear from the underbrush and made him stand at his clumsy salute.

His own tattered felt hat was clasped in his hand as he watched the two young people, sitting close together and both talking at once, drive out of sight. Then he and Gambletta set forth at a somewhat livelier pace in search of supper.

Recognized Likeness.

A Parisian dandy of the first water, the Comte de S., had a crayon picture of himself made, which he afterward pretended to find fault with.

"It does not bear the slightest resemblance to me," he said, "and I will not take it."

The artist protested, but all to no avail. "All right, monsieur," he remarked finally, "if it is not at all like you, of course I can't reasonably expect to get paid for it."

After the count had left the painter added to the portrait a magnificent pair of ass' ears and exhibited it to the gaze of the curious public.

It had not been long so exposed when the count broke into the artist's studio in a towering rage and, finding that threats availed him nothing, at last offered to buy it at a considerable advance upon the original price.

"It was not strange that you failed to recognize your resemblance to the picture at first," said the painter, determined to be revenged for the slight put upon his work, "but I knew you would notice the likeness as soon as I added these ears."

Society at Caracas.

The ladies of the government were the most gorgeous of tropical butterflies. They wore all the colors in the same thing and jewels in profusion; but you seldom looked farther than the paint and powder. She had seen a darky girl in Porto Rico powdered until she looked like a rush, but she was at rest! These gaudy parish, Spanish-Indian, Spanish-negro creatures were pinked and scarleted and whited up face, throat and neck until the original color appeared only on the upper arms, and after they had danced for an hour one thought of the delta of the Mississippi in the old green geography. And so we all danced, painted and unpainted alike, and only the unbelievable florescent description in the next morning's paper can give an adequate conception of what the Caraquenians thought of it.—Atlantic.

Death In Various Forms.

A crank came running into the office and said that a man swallowed a two foot rule and died by inches. The editor started out at once to learn further particulars of the death and, meeting Dr. Martin, told him about the case. He said that was nothing; that he had a patient once who swallowed a thermometer and died by degrees. A couple of bystanders just then chipped in. One of them said it reminded him of a fellow in Kansas who swallowed a pistol and went off easy. The other one said he had a friend who took a quart of applejack and died in good spirits.—Exchange.

Modest Goldsmith.

Oliver Goldsmith was an underpaid man from start to finish. Two hundred and fifty dollars for "The Vicar of Wakefield" was bad enough, yet for "The Traveler" he got but $100 and $25 for his "English Grammar." For "The Deserted Village," however his publisher sent him $500. This he at once returned, with the message: "It is too much. It is near 5 shillings a couplet, which is more than any book owner can afford or, indeed, any modern poetry is worth." So he died with $10,000 worth of debts. "Was ever poet so trusted before?" said Dr. Johnson.

The Hissing.

"I frequently experience a hissing sound in my ears," remarked a patient to a doctor. "What would you advise me to do?"

"What is your occupation?" asked the medico.

"I'm an actor."

"Then I'd advise you to adopt some other vocation."

In Doubt.

Hairdresser (while giving lady a vigorous shampoo)—Will you have anything on your head when I am finished, madam? She: I am sure I don't know. I always hope you would leave enough hair to pin my hat to.

Very Convenient.

Caretaker (to prospective tenant)—Yes, this house is most conveniently situated. There's a music hall close and handy, and there's a pub just over the way, and a pawnbroker's round the corner.—London Tit-Bits.

Automobile Bargains

Oldsmobile,	$150
Autocar,	$250
Stevens Duryea,	$300
Maxwell,	$350
Reo,	$350
Yale,	$300
Premier,	$325
Ford,	$300
Pierce,	$200
Packard,	$100
Cadillac,	$350
Mitchell,	$600
Jackson,	$750
Rambler,	$800
Buick,	$500
Overland,	$750

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when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

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BRADFORD, PA.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

—of the—

BOROUGH of SMETHPORT

For the Year 1908.

R. C. Gleason, Collector 1900 duplicate

Borough General Fund

Dr

To balance outstanding as per last audit	$ 372 11	$ 372 11
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	353 51	
By 5% paid commission for collecting $372 11	18 60	372 11

Borough Bond Fund

Dr

To balance outstanding as per last audit	117 47	117 47
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	111 60	
By 5% commission for collecting $117 47	5 87	117 47

R. C. Gleason, Collector 1907 duplicate

Borough General Fund

Dr

To balance outstanding as per last audit	830 61	830 61
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	783 43	
By 5% commission for collecting $166 10	9 07	
By exoneration allowed by council	11 98	
By 5% added on above exonerations $11 98	5 59	
By balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding	522 04	830 61

Borough Bond Fund

Dr

To balance outstanding as per last audit	295 13	295 13
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	92 63	
By 5% commission for collecting $85 10	2 77	
By exoneration allowed by council	31 68	
By 5% added on above exonerations $31 68	1 58	
By balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding	147 47	295 13

R. C. Gleason, Collector 1908 duplicate

Borough General Fund

Dr

To amount of duplicate	$333 31	
To 5% added on $322 87 taxes unpaid Jan. 1st, 1909	16 73	$350 45
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	309 33	
By 5% allowed taxpayers 1st 60 days on $322 87	15 71	
By 5% commission for collecting $309 23	15 10	
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler, taxes at par	481 78	
By 5% commission for collecting $481 13	24 10	
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding	518 98	1350 45

Borough Bond Fund

Dr

To amount of duplicate	1083 43	
To 5% added on $1030 47 taxes unpaid Jan. 1st, 1909	6 30	1089 73
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	770 56	
By 5% allowed taxpayers 1st 60 days on $827 68	41 65	
By 2% commission for collecting $765 23	15 90	
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler, taxes at par	214 10	
By 5% commission for collecting $139 10	6 00	
Balance of 1908 Duplicate outstanding	132 47	1089 73

Borough Paving Bond Fund

Dr

To amount of duplicate	3488 84	
To 5% added on $449 28 taxes unpaid Jan. 1st, 1909	22 47	3511 31
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	2409 73	
By 5% allowed taxpayers 1st 60 days on $2852 50	142 63	
By 2% commission for collecting $2520 10	50 40	
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler, taxes at par	397 18	
By 5% commission for collecting $380 50	19 02	
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding	472 95	3511 31

Charles Lemmler, Treasurer, in account with

Borough General Fund

Dr

To balance on hand as per last audit	$ 1248 63	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1900 duplicate	353 51	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1907 duplicate	189 43	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1908 duplicate	1350 45	
To cash from Co. Treas. Isherwood, licenses	914 75	
To cash from State Treasurer, foreign insurance	116 84	
To cash from Burgess E. W. Strong, licenses and fines	94 40	
To cash from Burgess E. W. Strong, dog tax	11 00	
To cash from St. Com., repairing and cleaning sidewalks	41 00	
To cash from Chas. Smith, sidewalk per V. B. Bouton	10 23	
To cash from McCabe, sidewalk per V. B. Bouton	40 37	
To cash for tile	4 71	6255 69
Cr		
By paid police duty	720 00	
By paid street commissioner	1050 00	
By paid labor on street	421 10	
By paid material for streets	187 63	
By paid team work on streets	80 58	
By paid lumber and tile	97 16	
By paid freight & drayage	42 67	
By paid hardware & repairs	140 51	
By paid blacksmithing	31 15	
By paid J. C. Cunningham for lease of dumping ground	30 00	
By paid Leon Herzog for tile	18 00	
By paid Smethport Water Co. for water	359 00	
By paid printing	189 34	
By paid feeding prisoners	14 50	
By paid special election	24 50	
By paid F. B. Foster for making out duplicate	15 00	
By paid burgess' salary	50 00	
By paid attorney and fees	104 15	
By paid secretary and postage	86 68	
By paid auditors	30 00	
By paid engineering and surveying	58 00	
By paid insurance	110 00	
By paid Dr. John Clark, secretary Board of Health	50 00	
By paid M. L. Eagen for disinfecting houses	74 50	
By paid H. C. Wells, drugs for disinfectant	17 10	
By paid Firemen's Relief Association, foreign insurance	116 84	
By paid Henry Biever, work on fire engine	18 00	
By paid supplies for Hose Co.	28 85	
By paid S. Sloan Co., hydrants	91 00	
By paid 5% commission on above disbursements, $1-857 86	77 15	
By balance in hands of treasurer	3920 58	6255 69

Borough Bond Fund

Dr

To balance on hand as per last audit	112 57	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1906 duplicate	111 60	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1907 duplicate	52 63	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1908 duplicate	883 40	1250 20
Cr		
By paid borough bonds Nos. 47, 48 and 57	800 00	
By paid interest on outstanding bonds	160 00	
By paid 2% commission on above $800 00	19 20	
By balance in hands of treasurer	221 00	1200 20

Borough Paving Bond

Dr

To cash from Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. (Bond)	$3832 40	$3832 40
Cr		
By paid Louis Gipp Construction Co.	1778 05	
By paid labor	168 17	
By paid Engineer A. F. Bannon, Jr.	710 00	
By paid Penn. Metal Culvert Co., culverts	1250 83	
By paid St. Marys Sewer Co., tile	103 17	
By paid Holmes & Gilliken, material	29 39	
By paid printing	12 00	
By paid freight	70 02	
By paid Samuel Green, team work	23 62	
By paid telephone message	3 10	
By paid 5% commisson on above disb., $3818 35	209 18	
By balance in hands of treasurer	12910 87	$3832 40

Borough Paving Bond Fund

Dr

To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1908 duplicate	2830 91	2830 91
Cr		
By paid interest on bonds Nos. 1 to 68	948 00	
By paid 5% commission on above $948 00	9 48	
By balance in hands of treasurer	1873 43	2830 91

LIABILITIES

Bonds outstanding, Nos. 58 to 84 inclusive	$ 8000 00
Paving bonds outstanding Nos. 1 to 68 inclusive	23871 40
95 due Louis Gipp Construction Co. on $3661 40	3010 85 41342 75

RESOURCES

Balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding general fund	522 04
Balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding bond fund	147 47
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding general fund	518 98
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding bond fund	132 47
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding paving bond fund	472 95
Balance in hands of Treas. Lemmler, general fund	3920 58
Balance in hands of Treas. Lemmler, bond fund	221 00
Balance in hands of Treas. Lemmler, paving fund	12910 87
Balance in hands of Treas. Lemmler, sewer fund	1870 43
Due from property owners extra 3-foot width of pavement	1547 50
Due from sewer assessment old matters	222 17
Liabilities in excess of resources	21007 50 41342 75

And now, March 15th, 1909, having examined the accounts of R. C. Gleason, Collector, and Charles Lemmler, Treasurer, we find and report the balance as above stated.

C. B. CORWIN,
J. A. SWANSON,
Auditors.

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Kodol supplies the same digestive juices that are found in a healthy stomach. Being a liquid, it starts digestion at once.

Kodol not only digests your food, but helps you enjoy every mouthful you eat.

You need a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food to maintain strength and health.

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V. B. BOUTON

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